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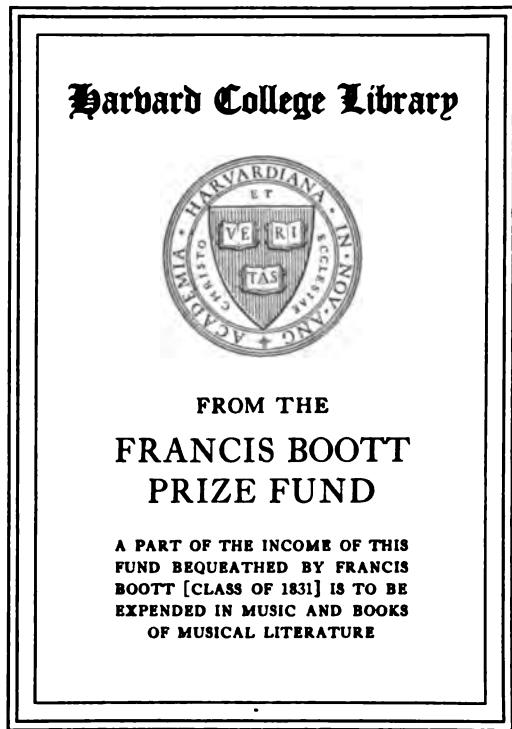
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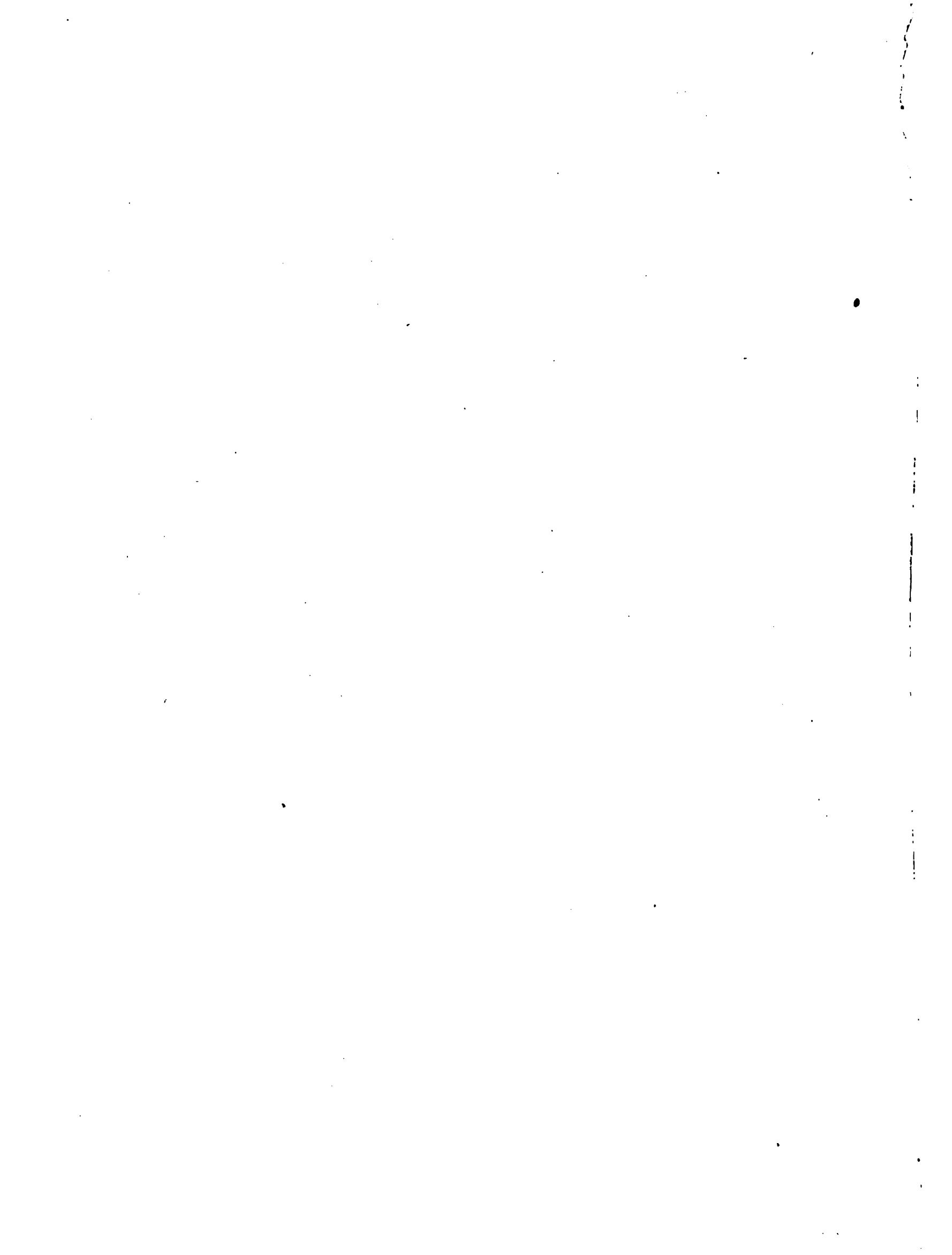
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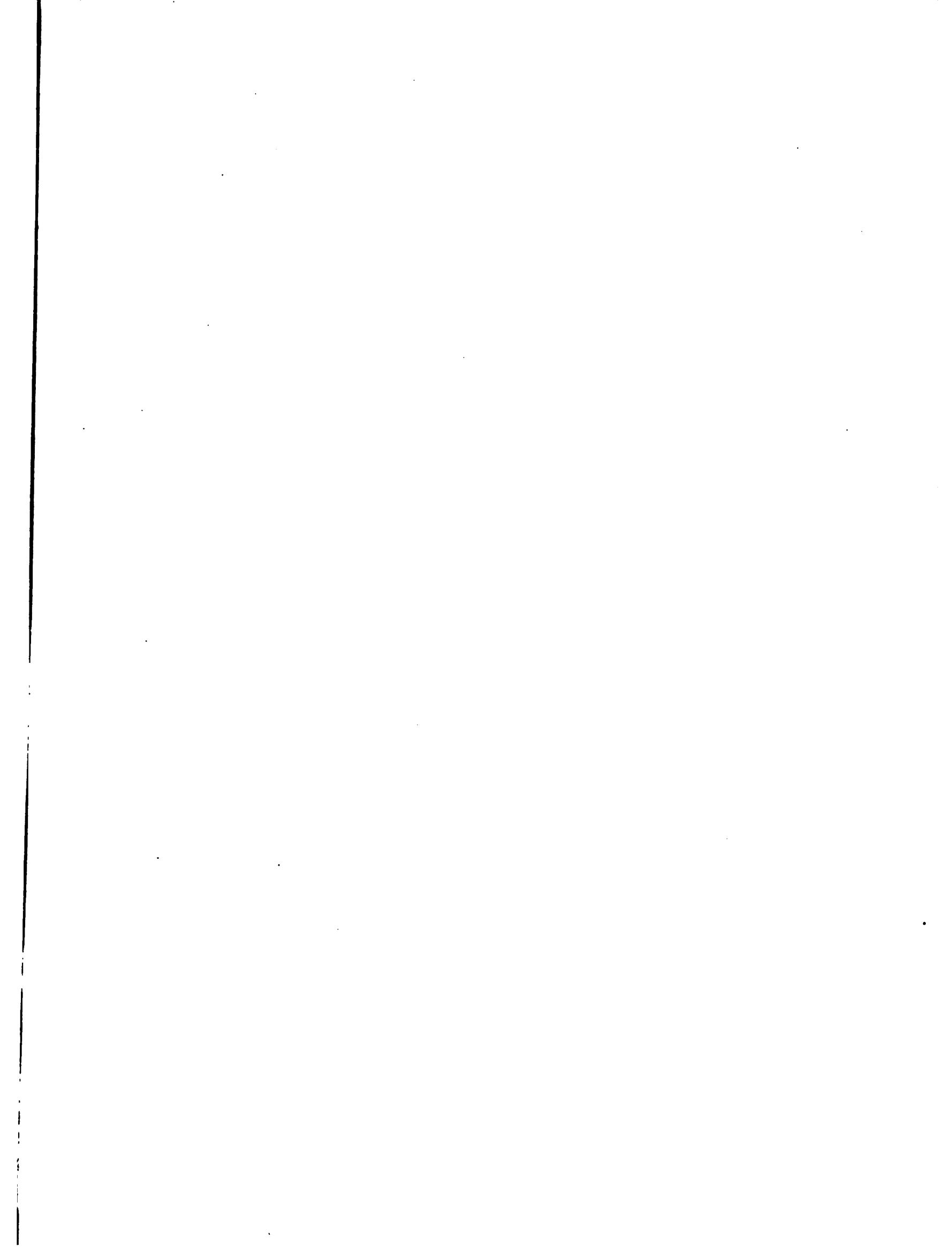




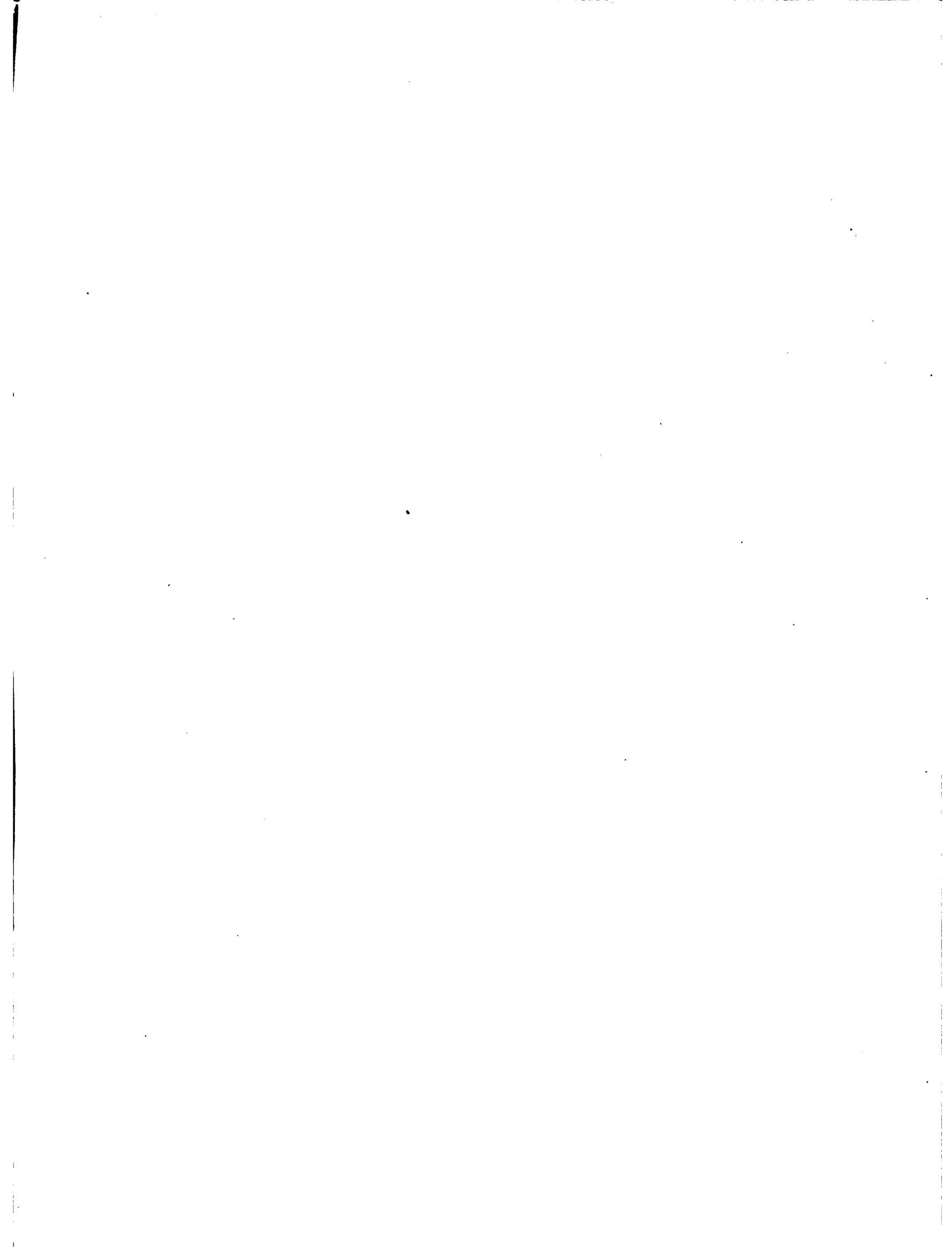
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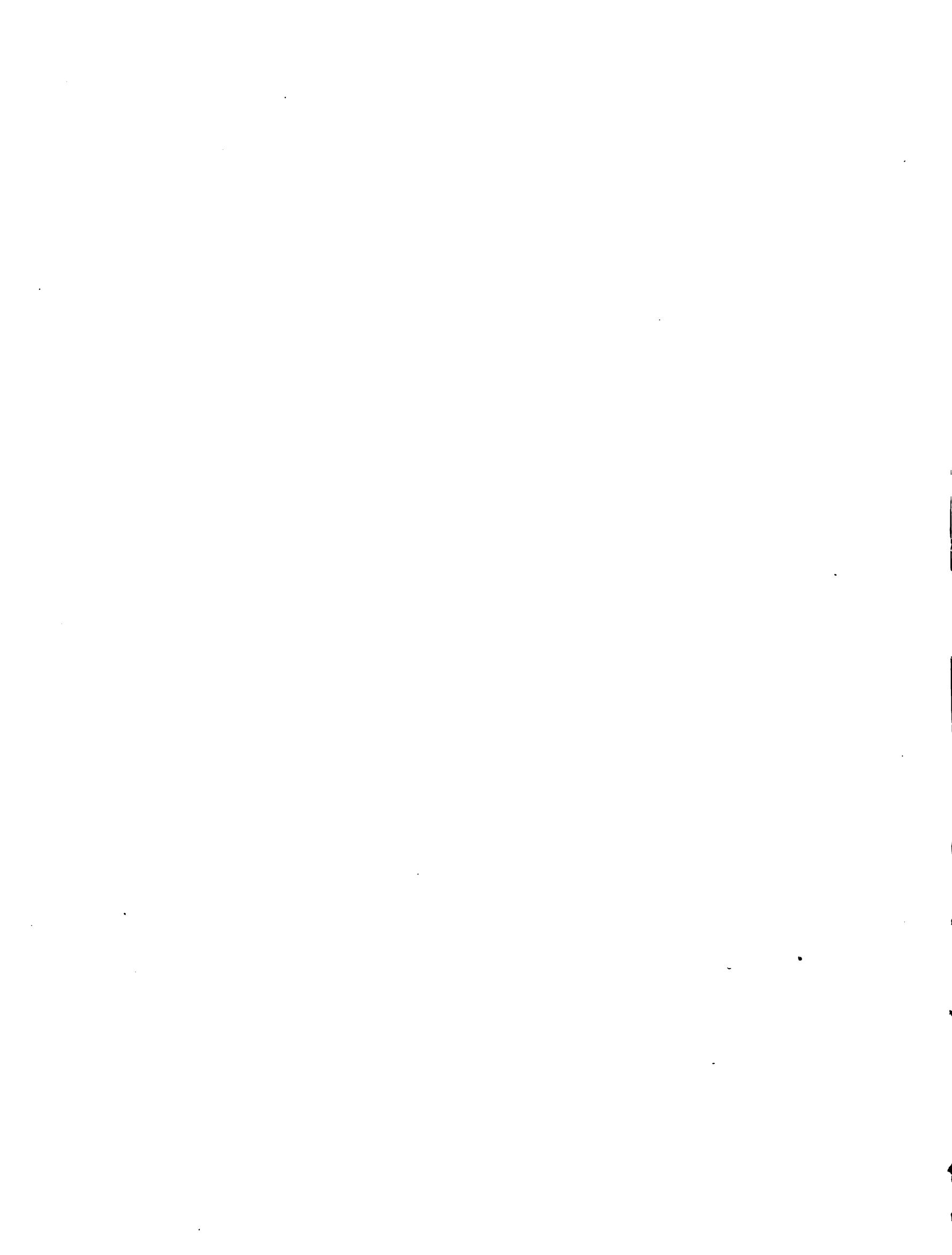
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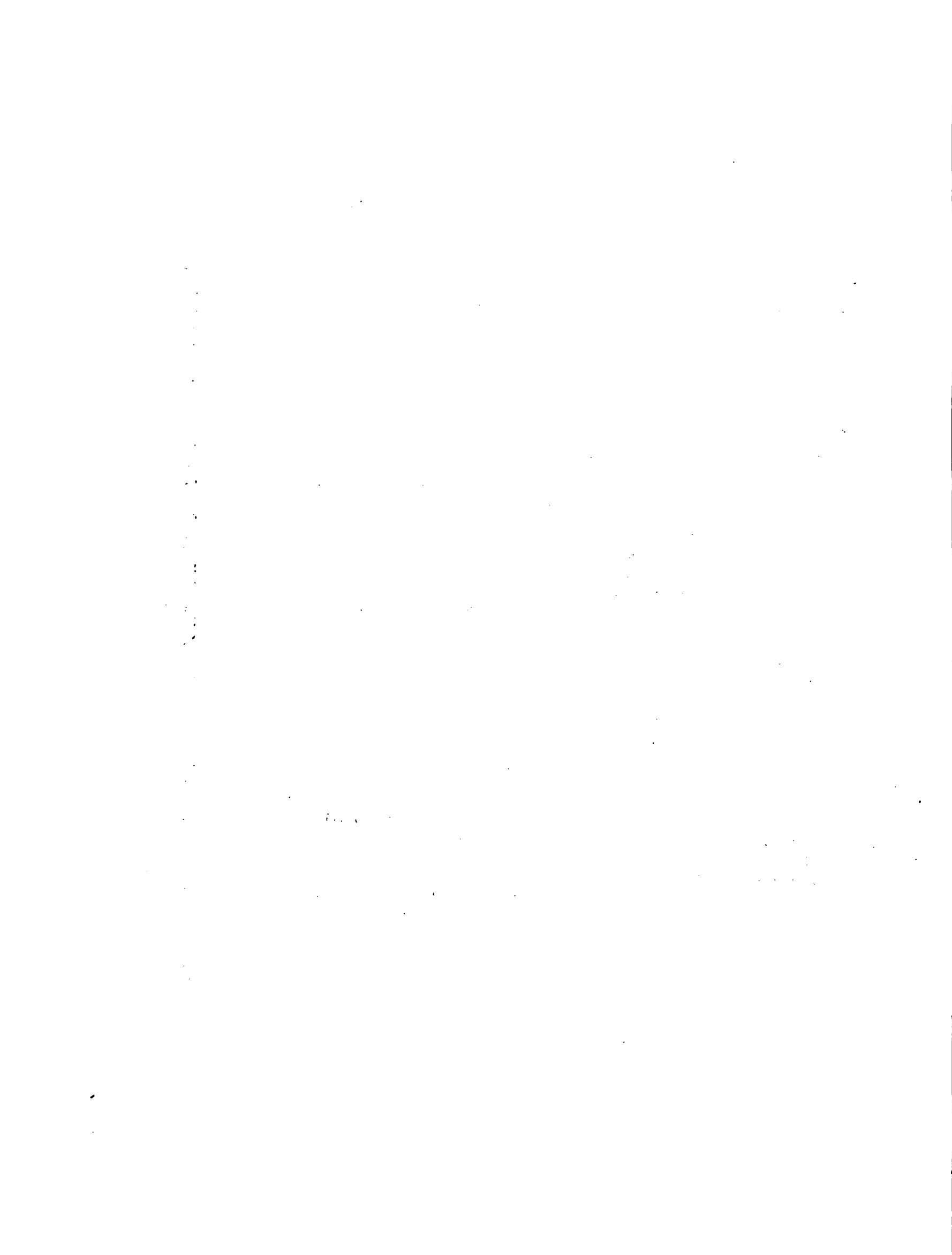
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## PREFACE

*In preparing for this Album the introductory Monograph on Robert Franz, I have relied for facts upon his own letter to Franz Liszt (dated September 29, 1855) and Procházka's Biography. What I have allowed myself to say in the way of criticism is based more upon my own study of his works than upon the writings of earlier commentators. In compiling the here appended bibliography, I have had in view only Franz the song-composer, not the Franz who completed scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters.*

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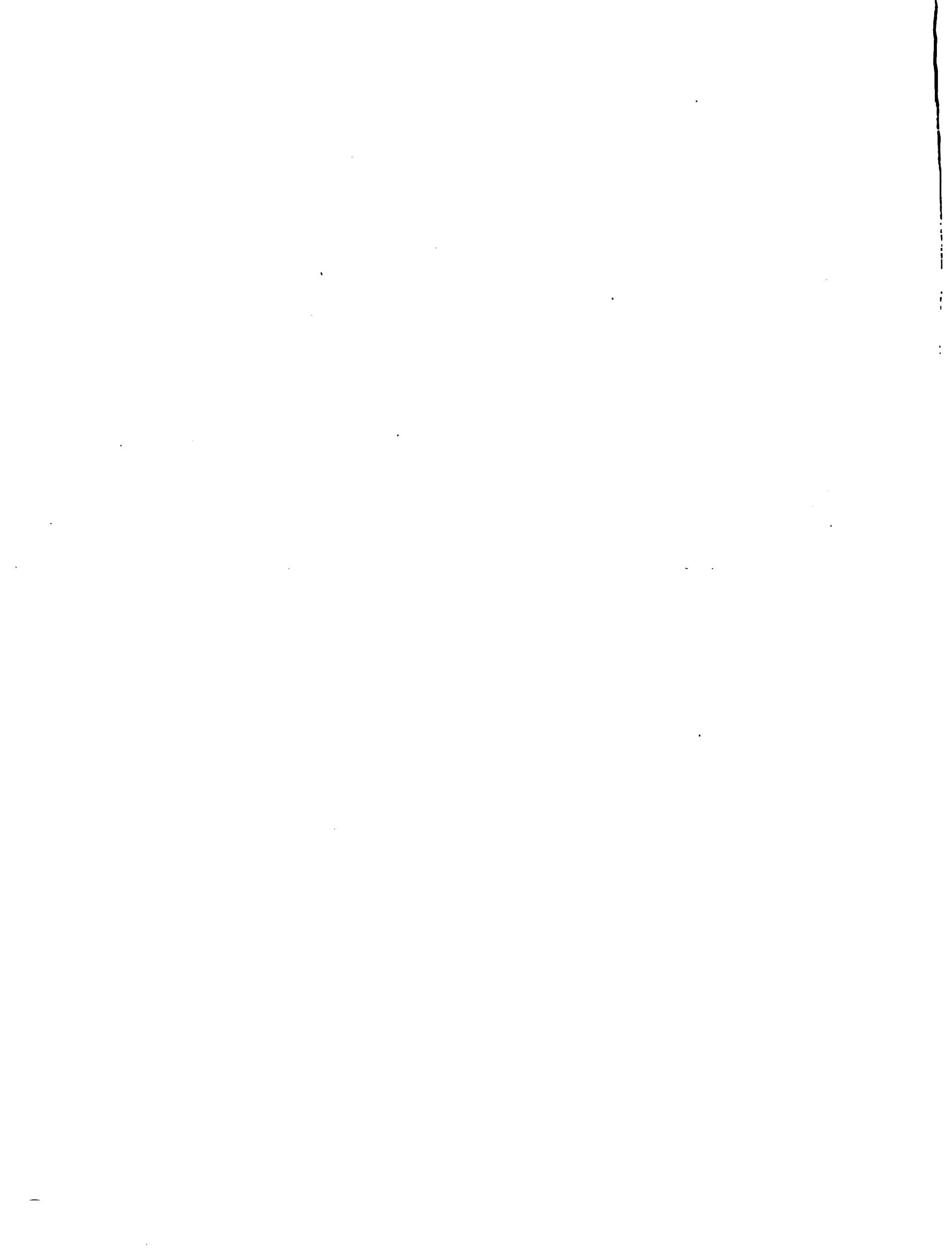
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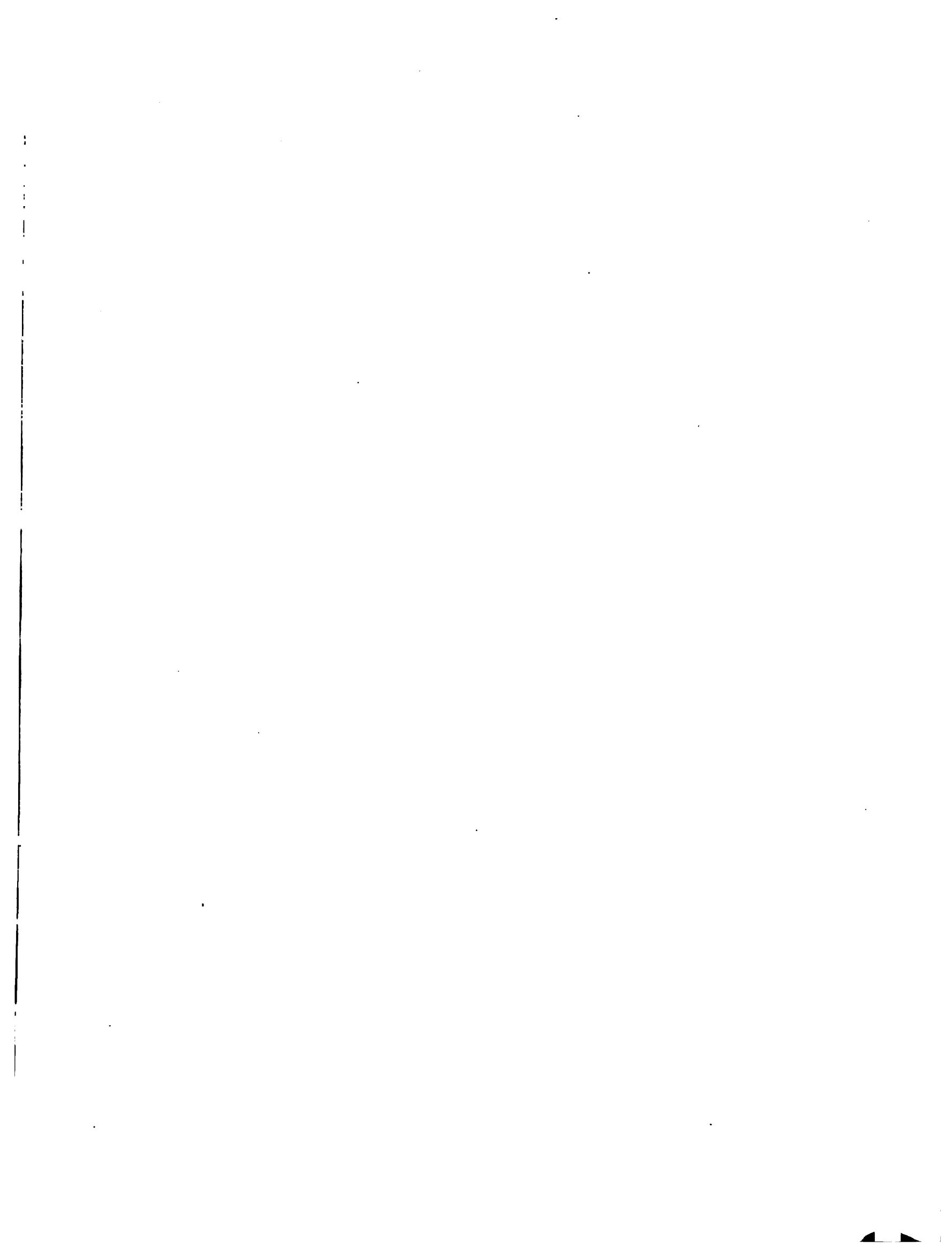
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*W. F. A.*

*Hingham, Mass., October 16, 1902.*







Ab. Branz.

# ROBERT FRANZ



**R**OBERT FRANZ was born at Halle-on-the-Saale, Handel's birthplace, on June 28, 1815. The family surname was Knauth; but his father, Christoph Knauth, changed it to Franz for business reasons.<sup>1</sup> At what time this change was made is not now discoverable; but it probably antedated Robert's birth, for the latter once wrote to Otto Lessmann that he himself had never been known otherwise than as Robert Franz.

His fondness for music developed early. According to his own account, his first musical impression was hearing Luther's *Ein' feste Burg* played on four trombones from the church tower of his native town at the third centennial commemoration of the Reformation. His father, too, would now and then sing to him and the other children at home "all sorts of strange tunes, half in the choral, half in the arioso vein," decking out the simple church melodies, *more antiquo*, with many a vocal flourish. Regular church-going (his father was one of the pillars of the congregational singing) tended also to familiarize him with the Lutheran chorals.

Still his childhood and boyhood were passed amid surroundings mostly of the uncongenial sort; he found little sympathy with his musical bent. The atmosphere of his bringing-up was one of small-town tradition and bourgeois prejudice; his parents, like most of their kind, looked upon the fine arts with distrust, at best as elegant accomplishments for which people in their station of life could have but little time. There was,

too, a deeply rooted prejudice against ambitious youngsters straying out of old family ruts; to be sure, there was nothing absolutely shocking in a young man's quitting the paternal shop or work-bench for the civil service or one of the so-called "learned" professions; such a rise in the world could well excuse the irregularity. "But a trained professional musician had never gone forth from their old primeval stock; that was, once for all, contrary to proper pride and tradition."<sup>2</sup> In a word, the good people of Halle were much inclined to agree with the mother of another musician of genius, Hector Berlioz by name, in prizing "respectability before all else."

To help him hold his own amid these discouraging surroundings, young Franz had neither the subjugating flash of child-wonderdom in himself nor the romantic spur of tyrannical opposition from without. His direst intimate foes were the commonplace, and that home-anointed dulness with which gods themselves are said to fight in vain. The only sympathy he got was from his mother; and this seems to have been merely maternal rather than specifically artistic. But, when he was fourteen, his "unforgettable" mother did persuade his father to buy him an old *pantalon* (a sort of spinet), on which he forthwith began to try conclusions with the art of music on his own account. As he showed boundless good-will, and even some native ability, in this way, a teacher—naturally the "cheapest available"—was soon engaged for him. And now began a process of the pupil's outstripping teachers; in four years'

<sup>1</sup> There had long been a quarrel between Christoph and an apparently over-tetchy brother of his: both were in the same business, each on his own account, and troubles arising from misdelivered letters proved too much for the brother's equanimity. So Christoph at last put an end to the difficulty by taking a new surname, and fraternal amity was restored. He did not, however, take any pains to legitimate his name of Franz until legally compelled to do so for Robert's marriage in 1848. The matter was a source of some vexation to the son; for, after he had come before the world as a song-composer, captious critics had their fling at him for his supposed arrogance in adopting a "pseudonym" compounded of the Christian names of his two greatest predecessors in that field: Robert Schumann and Franz Schubert. *Sunt lachrymae rerum!*

<sup>2</sup> How about one George Frideric Handel, by the way?

time he had used up every music-master in Halle. At the Waisenhaus-Gymnasium, where he went to school, he would get many a sound box on the ear for improvising "free seconds" to the chorals sung at music lessons, but was soon promoted to a recently formed advanced class in chorus singing, where he first made acquaintance with choruses by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. He had already taken up organ-playing by himself, and with such success that it was not long before he was running from one church to another on Sundays, to "relieve the several organists on separate stanzas of chorals." With all this output of musical energy, his regular school studies were more and more neglected, and the home opposition to his bent threatened to reach an acute stage. Still it was rather of the pooh-poohing, sarcastic-incredulous sort than openly violent; his parents had not yet begun to fear the worst, there was no talk of his taking up music as a profession.

But this "worst" was at hand: matters were brought to a crisis by the nefarious and unheard-of example of two of his schoolmates, who got their parents to let them quit the Gymnasium and go to Friedrich Schneider's famous music school in Dessau. Here was a *pou sto* for young Franz! Aided and abetted by one Dr. Erich, preacher at the Ulrichskirche, he worked the lever of persuasion so effectively that his father at last consented to his following his two friends' example. He was now twenty.

His hard-earned freedom proved, however, to be one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. From Halle to Dessau was almost out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fancy a young music student of original genius, at a time when the musical atmosphere of Germany was beginning to absorb the neo-romanticism of Mendelssohn and Schumann, when receptive souls were learning to vibrate responsively to the seductions of Chopin—fancy, I say, this young student tied down to the Procrustes bed of a dry course of conventional contrapuntal schooling in which the influences of even Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert were virtually ignored! To Franz the good

Schneider and his teaching seemed the cruellest of anachronisms and follies; he tacitly, if not quite openly, refused to be clay in his hands. He soon joined a few kindred souls in shirking counterpoint and making experiments in free composition by themselves. Schneider could never be brought to look upon him with favor; and, after four years spent in such semi-rebellious fashion, Franz left the school to return to his father's house in Halle, bringing home with him a fair grounding in the technics of composition, and (what was not quite so salutary) a deal of the traditional young graduate's self-complacency and self-sufficiency.

He was now to face the world as a professional musician, in a small German town the bourgeois temper of which we know. His equipment was conspicuously far from adequate. To begin with, his pianoforte and organ playing had been wholly neglected during those four Dessau years; so two paths to making a living were, for the time at least, closed to him. Then, he was constitutionally shy and retiring, seems to have had an unpleasant consciousness of his tall, gaunt, awkward figure, his manner was unprepossessing and offish; he had no social tact, and, though by no means unsociable by nature, "usually thawed out only when it was too late." Furthermore, his falling in with some compositions by Bach and Schubert, and being attracted to study the same, soon tuned down the taut E-string of that fine self-sufficiency which he had brought back from Dessau, and showed him that he was in no condition to come before the public as a composer. Parents and friends looked upon his career as clearly damned at the outset, and made no secret of their opinion.

Yet, dismal as his case seemed, efficient stimuli to the young man's self-development were not wanting. There were the works of Bach, Handel, and Schubert—never-failing sources of enthusiasm, the soundest basis for a specifically musical culture. Other influences, too, were inspiring: Arnold Ruge's and S. Echtermeyer's *Halleschen Jahrbücher für Kunst und Wissenschaft*, published in Halle itself, had become the most noteworthy

critical organ in Germany; Friedrich Hinrichs's lectures on political and religious freedom had begun to attract notice. A whole new intellectual movement was in the air, and Halle was practically its centre. The aim of Ruge's, Echtermeyer's, and Hinrichs's striving was to crystallize out the gist of the great religious, philosophic, and artistic awakening in Germany which had been the work of Luther and Melanchthon, Kant and Hegel, Goethe and Schiller, and give it a practical reflection in German life and politics. Franz was a devoted attendant at many students' meetings at which the principles of this movement were discussed; and, though he seems to have been too modest to take active part in the discussions, he was an ardent listener, and thought deeply over what he heard there. No less of an inspiration was his recently formed acquaintance with the poet Karl Osterwald, which soon ripened into a life friendship.

His mind was thoroughly awakened and rapidly maturing; for the next six years he studied hard, if only for the sake of self-culture, for he had given up all thought of composing. Bach and Schubert, especially the former, formed the basis of his studies; but he found his artistic receptivity gradually broadening and becoming more catholic,—as the true, predestined student of Bach ever must, finding in that master the portal through which all other great music is best approached,—and readily submitted himself to the new romantic Leipzig influence, which had by that time well reached Halle. He accordingly extended his studies to Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt, absorbing what he could of each and all of these new lights. He even began to make an active propaganda for them in an ever-widening circle of young music-lovers, of which he soon found himself the centre. Much good music was gone through and critically discussed. The result was as might have been expected: constant communing with the master-works of his art did for him what his studies under Schneider had quite failed to do, it gradually revealed his own genius to himself and at last stimulated him to original

creative work. Especially did his studies cure the unfortunate, benumbing impression Schneider's teaching had made upon him, by leading him to appreciate the higher side and truest function of musical technics,—the discovery and practical determining of an adequate form for the outward expression of inward thought and feeling. When he once more took to composing (though still with no thought of publication), he found himself irresistibly attracted to the lyric forms, and, within the bounds of these, to the *Lied* in particular.

It was only by the strenuous and persistent advice of friends that he at last made up his mind to publish anything. He sent a few songs to Schumann, who received them cordially and gave him a favorable introduction to a publisher. This was in 1843; here began his relations with the musical world at large, from this time forward he was a composer. To quote his own words: "From this moment my attitude toward art naturally entered upon a new stadium. There was no longer exclusively the question of satisfying myself with my compositions, but my artistic productiveness had to seek its measure and limits in the views and feelings of others. My personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, paved the way for self-examination and self-recognition. I began to think seriously about myself and my relation to art; the result of this thinking was the conscious holding fast by the direction in which I had struck out, the clear conviction that I could be of service to art and, what is the same thing, to the world only on this basis. As a further result of this self-examination, I promised myself to write only when I could not help it, when the exhortation from within coincided with the external power of realizing it."

In 1848 he married Maria Hinrichs, daughter of the philosopher who had exerted so deep an influence upon his intellectual growth in youth. By her he had three children, two sons and a daughter.

His recognition by the world was slow and exceedingly limited, confined at first almost exclusively to musicians; but among these were

to be counted some of the greatest names in contemporary music: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, von Bülow, and others. It is noteworthy, however, that the more enduring admirers of his genius among his distinguished fellow-craftsmen belonged chiefly to what was then known as the "Future" school—a school with the tenets and practice of which he personally had but limited sympathy. Mendelssohn and Schumann, who had taken him up enthusiastically in the beginning, soon dropped him like a hot coal when they saw that he was travelling his own road at his own gait, and could no longer be claimed as a disciple. And of the musicians who held with these, against the school of the "Future," it was for the most part only such as were bound to him by ties of warm personal friendship—Otto Dresel, Julius Schaeffer, A. Saran, and a few more like them—who remained his firm admirers to the end.

Indeed Franz's position in the world of music was peculiar; he was (and still is) generally accepted as a classicist, whereas he called himself "thoroughly a radical (*durchaus radikal*)."<sup>1</sup> He really stood half-way between two schools: compared with contemporary Mendelssohnians and Schumannites, he was certainly radical enough; but, in comparison with men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, he was no less certainly a good deal of a classicist. One is tempted to call him essentially a radical at heart, but a classicist by conviction. In any case, he was too individual, too original to make his way rapidly with the public at large; neither did great singers take kindly to him at first—anent which more, farther on. Especially in his native town of Halle was he discouragingly ignored, though in time he obtained some official positions there—of organist, conductor of singing societies, and what not.

But such positions had to be given up, one after another, on account of his rapidly increasing and finally total deafness.<sup>2</sup>

His worldly affairs were now in a precarious condition. He had never been very well off, and once wrote to a friend about his relations with publishers: "The first half of my books of songs [*Liederhefte*] were as good as given to them outright, and for the [arrangements of Bach] airs I hardly got enough to pay for the paper I had squandered over that study." Energetic friends had to step in and do their best for him, giving concerts and starting subscriptions: Liszt, Helene Magnus, and others in Germany; Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Sebastian B. Schlesinger, the firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. in our own Boston. In this way handsome sums were raised; he also received a tolerable annuity from the government, in recognition of his arrangements of Bach arias and cantatas.<sup>2</sup> For the latter part of his life he was not in actual want, though his health was of the poorest, and he had to give up all musical work several years before his death, on October 24, 1892.

Apart from arrangements of works by Bach, Handel, Astorga, Durante, and a few original pieces for chorus (part-songs and sacred choruses, *a cappella* and otherwise), Franz's legacy to the world consists of fifty-two opus-numbers of songs for a single voice with pianoforte accompaniment—two hundred and eighty-two songs in all. It is impossible to determine the chronology of most of these songs. In the earlier opus-numbers the dates speak approximately for themselves; but, as we get farther down the list, they become more and more doubtful. As a rule, he composed far more rapidly than he published; he would thus always have a considerable stock of unpublished songs to draw upon, and, as he wrote only one actual cyclus (the *Schilflieder*,

<sup>1</sup> This deafness began early in his career. As he was about setting out for Leipzig, one day, a locomotive near which he was standing at the station suddenly gave a shrill whistle; he immediately felt as if something had given way in his ear, and could hear nothing but a mighty internal buzzing. The trip to Leipzig was given up. In a few days the buzzing in his ears stopped, and he could hear again; but it was as if the higher tones of the scale were cut off—above a certain acuteness of pitch he was deaf. From this time forward, note after note dropped out of the range of his hearing, until at last his deafness became complete. Beside his deafness, he suffered also intermittently from a severe nervous disorder.

<sup>2</sup> Franz's invaluable work in completing scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters lies without the pale of the present monograph.

Opus 2), could select from these quite at random when making up a new opus-number for publication. He also had the habit of keeping manuscripts with which he was not fully satisfied for years, taking them up again from time to time, and submitting them to a severe process of filing down. Nor was he content to trust his own critical sense unreservedly in this matter; he would call in musical friends, and get their opinion. Indeed, nearly all his songs were submitted to his friend Otto Dresel before publication, nor was Dresel the only one whose criticism was sought. Thus it happens that some songs in the later opus-numbers belong really to the composer's earliest period. One interesting fact is worth noting here: when writing his songs, Franz always had a mezzo-soprano voice in mind; he did not, however, object to having his songs sung by men, though he strongly resented all transpositions. He could never be got to sanction a change of key.

In his original creative work Franz remained a lyricist to the end; in the domain of the *Lied* —or, as the fashionable phrase now goes, the "art song"—he was the legitimate successor of Schubert and Schumann. It has been said that he brought the form of the *Lied* to its highest plastic perfection; this is true enough, but does not of itself convey an idea of the full value of his achievement. To create or perfect a musical form may be a feat of but superficial import; for it to have truly profound artistic significance, the form must be admirable not only for its plastic beauty but also, and chiefly, for the adequateness with which it gives outward expression to inward thought and feeling. And herein lies the real greatness of Franz's achievement.

In matters of artistic theory Franz had much in common with Wagner. Like him, he recognized as the true fundamental principle of all vocal composition that the music should spring as directly from the poetic text as the flower from its seed; and, though the outward aspect of the two men's work is widely different, this is simply because of the inherent and inevitable difference between the modes of dramatic and lyrical ex-

pression in music. And Franz was as intrinsically a lyricist as Wagner a dramatist. To bring up one important detail, Wagner strongly emphasized the idea that musical expression naturally tended to assume a lyric form in proportion as the matter to be expressed was purely emotional in quality, unalloyed by anything that appealed to the intellect or reason; and, in this sense, "lyric" and "definitely melodic" are synonymous. Following out this principle of Wagner's to its logical conclusion, Franz recognized this melodic form as musically integral in itself—a result arrived at also by Berlioz, if by a different mental process. So, where Wagner, the dramatist, found himself naturally and unavoidably enlarging his musical frames, rendering his forms of expression more diffuse (in a good sense) and capable of embracing more and more extended developments, Franz, the lyricist, just as inevitably and naturally carried on a process of formal condensation, eliminating everything that could interfere with his concentrating his musical expression upon a single point. Wagner's process of musical construction was essentially centrifugal, Franz's, centripetal; and the forms the latter employed were the most concise imaginable.

In Franz's songs the melody reflects the dominant mood of the poetic text far more than it binds itself down to expressing shifting minutiae of emotion; for the musical expression of these he looks chiefly to his instrumental accompaniment, to his harmony. And it is to be noted that his accompaniments are nearly always essentially polyphonic in structure; for merely homophonic harmony, even when presented in the more ornate form of arpeggj, he had small liking. Stronger and pithier harmony no man ever wrote; like that of old Bach himself, his is always in the best sense expressive. Instances of this are the tremulous dissonance of the minor 2nd at the word "zittert (trembles)," still more, that wondrous chord of the diminished 7th with doubly diminished 5th on "erschüttert (shaken)," in his setting of Heine's *Wie des Mondes Abbild (As the Moon her Trembling Image)*, (Opus 6, No. 2). Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

As a harmonist, Franz was at once classical and very modern indeed. If his harmony rests for the most part on a diatonic rather than a chromatic basis, if his modulations lead generally to nearly related keys, he none the less sounds at moments all the depths of chromatic alteration and the enharmonic change; some of his sequences are in particular what hard-and-fast classicists would call exceedingly daring. He is quite free, too, in the matter of beginning a song in one key and ending it in another.

As has been said of Gustave Flaubert, that "his presentation of the outward aspect of men and things was so vivid that, to the careless reader, he might seem superficial," so may it seem to the short-sighted music-lover as if the plastic perfection of Franz's musical form somewhat impugned the poignancy of his expressiveness. But one must learn to dissociate vehemence of feeling from mere physical violence of expression; for in very truth, as Flaubert's vividness came, not from his stopping short at the outward aspect of men and things, but from the accuracy and profundity of his observation of their innermost nature and the completeness of his artistic synthesis, so does the outward perfection of Franz's forms spring directly from their exhaustive absorption of the emotion they seek to express.

If those violent and, so to speak, disruptive harmonic strokes, to which many composers (Wagner among them) often look for their most tremendous effects, are hardly to be found in Franz's songs, this is to be explained neither by lacking warmth of temperament nor by a timid, would-be-classical moderatism in expression, but simply by the nature of the lyrical field in which he worked. Like the born and bred lyricist he was, he both instinctively and from conviction avoided everything that might tend to destroy unity of mood, seeing clearly, too, that the concise forms he employed were peculiarly liable to such disruption if too violent expressive means were resorted to. Accordingly we find in his most daring sequences, in his most striking harmonic progressions (as we do also in

Beethoven's, when that master writes in the epic, not in the dramatic, vein), a certain smooth naturalness in the manner in which the thing is done. He never makes the impression of having gone out of his way for anything, nothing seems lugged in by the hair. The cataclysms in his harmony, like those in Nature herself, all have something of the sublime calm of the workings of eternal law, not the petulance of an irritated god.

The slow progress of the Franz propaganda is not hard to account for; in his case, almost everything has militated against easily won popularity. The individuality and originality of his genius, his solitary position in the world of music in his day, these were probably the prime obstacles. Then there are in his songs two elements which have served to render them unwelcome to the average great singer; and the public at large always grow to love a composer more through hearing fine performances of his works than by attacking them with their own voices and fingers.

The technical demands made by Franz's songs are not extraordinarily severe; old Manuel Garcia (as competent an authority as any going) even gave it as his deliberate opinion that they were generally more favorably written for the voice than either Schubert's or Schumann's. But these songs do present two special difficulties, which are all the more serious for being unusual and out of the habits of most singers to-day.

An intimate functional relation between voice-part and accompaniment is always an element of difficulty; herein lies, in the last analysis, the chief difficulty of Bach's and Handel's airs—one that has been a stumbling-block to most would-be Bach singers, though in Handel's case it has been cleverly juggled out of sight by time-honored (and entirely bad) "traditions." This intimate relation between voice-part and accompaniment is everywhere to be found in Franz's songs; it allows the singer less freedom of personal initiative than he is accustomed to claim. Singing such songs comes properly under the head of concerted performance; it is not quite solo-singing. And the old-fashioned style of ac-

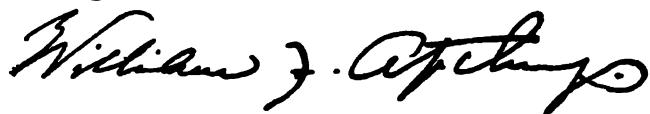
companying, which aimed merely at supporting the voice and "following" the singer through all sorts of rhythmic vagaries, works utter ruin with Franz, though Schubert may at times endure it well enough. The relation between singer and accompanist should by no means be that of master and slave; there should be thorough sympathy, a quasi-Leibnitzian *harmonia prae-stabilita*, without which nothing admirable is to be accomplished. It should be said, too, that Franz's broad modern treatment of the pianoforte (his *Klaviersatz*), and the essentially polyphonic structure of his accompaniments, present tasks to which the ordinary professional accompanist is hardly grown; they require a finished pianist and musician.

The second difficulty, of a deeper-going sort, resides in the generally purely lyrical quality of the songs, their concise form, and the absence both of extended epic developments and of dramatic modes of expression. The conciseness of the form makes a certain even perfection in the performance indispensable throughout; the singer has no time nor opportunity to atone for minor blemishes by an occasional brilliant stroke. The cameo needs to be more perfect in detail than the fresco. Then, few singers can be prevailed upon to forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has in his melodies.<sup>1</sup> When we reflect upon the sentimental acrobatics some great singers have lavished upon simple folk-songs, like *'Way down upon the Suwanee River* and *Home, Sweet Home*, we need not wonder at the

steam they put on when dealing with the wealth of emotion of a Robert Franz, and the poets he has musically illustrated.

No doubt it is true, in one sense, that Franz's songs cannot be sung too poignantly; but they can be sung with a, so to speak, too comprehensive expressiveness. The singer should rest content with expressing no more than the composer himself has expressed in his melody; let him set this forth as warmly and thrillingly as he can, but not stultify the accompaniment by encroaching upon its domain, and including in his expression that which should fall solely to its share. Above all, let him, with all intensity of feeling and subtlety of expressive nuance, keep well within the bounds of that "modesty of nature" which Franz never overstepped.

Upon the whole, the Franz propaganda, if slow, has been sure and steadily waxing; his lovers are, and ever have been, among the best in the world of music. Still, though now ten years dead, he has not yet won real popularity; but others, and even greater than he, have waited longer. His time will come; of the future he may be as sure as any great genius that ever put pen to paper; the question is only, When? His solitariness is no cause for fear. He was no graceful pioneer into a no-thoroughfare, like Felix Mendelssohn; neither did he, like Robert Schumann, represent an early transitional stage in a great world-progress. Like Palestrina of old, he achieved and embodied in his works the supreme culmination of a special form of music; in the domain of the purely lyrical *Lied* no greater songs than his can be written. Such a man is safe.



Hingham, Mass., July 16, 1902.

<sup>1</sup> A significant commentary on this is the profound remark made by one of our leading pianists, not long ago, on a certain performance of Brahms's *Ernste Lieder*: "If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the hall!"

FACSIMILE  
OF A MS. OF "AUF DEM MEERE," OP. 5, NO. 3, BY ROBERT FRANZ

*Andante.*

*Auf dem Meere.*

*an H. Heine*

The original Manuscript is here reproduced through the courtesy of Miss Pauline Woltmann of Boston, to whom it was given in 1901 by Franz's daughter Frau Lisbeth Bethge of Halle.

THE above sketch—for the process of evolution the song has since undergone makes it little else—is peculiarly interesting. It helps to show Franz's habitual method of composing, which, like Beethoven's, consisted mainly of a snowball-like accumulation of corrections on an original sketch; it is, moreover, interesting from its rarity, comparatively few of the composer's earlier sketches having been preserved. It was his

habit to send perfectly clean copies of his songs to publishers, without a single correction in them; most prior versions, containing corrections, were destroyed.

This facsimile shows that some corrections were made in the sketch itself. Such are: the suppression of one of the middle parts in the accompaniment in measure 2 (still further modified before publication); a similar change in

measure 4, involving an actual change in the harmony (the new progression: B-flat, B-natural corresponding to the G, G-sharp in measure 2); the suppression of the sustained high E in the accompaniment in measures 9-10 and 19-20; changes in measures 12 and 14, to correspond to those in measures 2 and 4.

But a comparison of the facsimile with the published version of the song shows that these corrections did not satisfy the composer; others, and more important ones, were made later. We find in the published version: a systematic suppression of the harmony on the initial up-beat (*anacrusis*) of phrases, to correspond to the beginning of the opening phrase of the song; a more expressive part-leading in measures 9-10 and 19-20, with a more sonorous open position of the closing dominant chord of the half-cadence; the addition of another middle part in measure

12, making the harmony fuller than in the corresponding measure 2; other changes in part-leading here and there; above all, the picturesquely suggestive billowing sixteenth-note variation of measures 9-10 in the closing measures 19-20.

Note, too, that these changes are invariably improvements, that the song grows finer and stronger with every fresh stroke of the pen. The corrections either substitute a vital polyphonic leading of the parts for mere plain harmony (*accords plaqués*), or else add rhythmic variety to the monotonous succession of eighth-notes in the original sketch, whilst rendering the whole song more homogeneous by establishing recognizable rhythmic relations between different phrases. As is often the case with Beethoven, so do we find here also that, compared with the matured final version, the original sketch seems almost like the work of a schoolboy.

W. F. A.



**FIFTY SONGS  
BY ROBERT FRANZ**



To Frl. Luise Gutike

1

THE WATER-LILY  
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Original Key, B<sub>b</sub>)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815 - 1884)  
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, No. 3

Andante Softly (Leise)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

The quiet water-lily  
Die stil-le Lo-tos-blü-me

pp

La. \* La. \* La. \*

FLOATS ON THE WAVES' BLUE LIGHT;  
steigt aus dem blau-en See,  
The broad leaves quiver and glimmer, The  
die Blät-ter flim-mern und bli-tzen, der

pp

La. \* La. \* La. \*

cup-is snow-y white.  
Kelch-ist weiss wie Schnee.

The moon pours down from  
Da giesst der Mond vom

pp

La. \* La. \* La. \*

heav - en All of her gold-en light, All of her gold - en  
Him - mel all' sei-nen gold-nen Schein, giesst al - le sci - ne

La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

beam - ing In - to that bos - om white. A -  
Strah - len in ih - ren Schoss hin - ein. Im

La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

round the float-ing flow - er Circles a snow - y swan; He  
Was - ser um die Blu - me krei - set ein wei - sser Schwan, er

p La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

sings so sweet, so soft - ly, The li - ly gaz - ing on.  
singt so siiss, so lei - se, und schaut die Blu - me an.

He  
Er

La. \* La. \*

sings so sweet, so soft - ly, And sing - ing, pass-es a - way.  
singt so siiss, so lei - se, und will im Sin-gen ver - gehn.

O flow - er, snow - white  
O Blu - me, wei - sse

La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

flow - er, Canst thou di-vine his lay?  
Blu - me, kannst du das Lied ver - steh'n?

La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

*To Fr. Luise Gutike*

# SLUMBER SONG (SCHLUMMERLIED)

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK (1773 - 1853)  
*Translated by John S. Dwight*

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, N° 10

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK (1773 - 1858)  
*Translated by John S. Dwight*

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, N° 10

### Andante con moto

## VOICE

## PIANO

green - ly glim - mer-ing grove;  
*grün* - *nen, däm* - *mern-den* *Nacht*;

Soft sigh - eth the grass on the  
es säu - seit das Gras auf den

mead - ow, Thou'rt fann'd and art cool'd in the shad - ow, And  
*Mat* ten, es fä - chelt und kühlt dich der Schat - ten, und

watch'd by faith - ful love, And watch'd by faith - ful  
 treu - e Lie - be wacht, und treu - e Lie - be  
*Lia* \* *Lia* \*

pp  
 love. Sleep, then, sleep on,  
 wacht. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein,  
*Lia* \* *Lia* \*

'Neath the whis - per-ing pine, Ev - er I'll be  
 lei - ser rau - schet der Hain, e - wig bin ich  
 cresc. *Lia* \* *Lia* \* *Lia* \* *Lia* \*

thine. Ev - er I'll be thine.  
 Dein, e - wig bin ich Dein.  
 dim. *Lia* \* *Lia* \*

Hush ye! in - vis - i - ble cho - rus! Dis -  
 Schweigt, ihr ver - steck - ten Ge - sän - ge. und

*R. H. dim.*  
*L.H.*

turb not her dain - ty re - pose!  
 stört nicht die sü - sse - ste Ruh!

The birds all, hov - er - ing  
 Es lauscht der Vö - gel Ge -

o'er us, Sus - pend their be-wil - der-ing cho - rus; Sleep,  
 drän - ge. es ru - hen die lau - ten Ge - sän - ge; schliess.

dar - ling, thine eye - lids close!  
 Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge zu.

Sleep, dar - ling, thine eye - lids  
 schliess, Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge

*pp*

close! ————— Soft - ly, oh, sleep! ————— No  
zu. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein, im

*pp*

noise near thee creep! ————— Faith-fu - est watch I'll  
däm mern den! Schein, ich will dein Wäch - ter

*mf*

keep, ————— Faith-fu - est watch I'll keep.  
sein, ich will dein Wäch - ter sein.

*dim.*

Mur - mur, mel - o-dies E - lys - ian!  
Mur - melt fort. ihr Melo - di - en.

*dim.*  
R.H.

*p*

*L.H.*

Whis - per low, thou purl - ing stream!  
*rau - sche nur, du stil - ler Bach,*

Charm'd by some en-chant-ing  
*scho - ne Lie - bes-phan-ta -*

*La. \*La. \*La. \*La. \** *La. \** *La. \**

vi - sion, Full of all de - lights E - lys-ian, She is  
*si - en. spre - chen in - den Me - lo - di - en, zar - te*

*La. \*La. \*La. \** *La. \** *La. \** *La. \**

smil - ing, smil - ing in her hap - py dream;  
*Träu - me, zar - te Träu - me schwim - men nach.*

*La. \** *La. \** *La. \**

pp

Through the whis - per-ing trees \_\_\_\_\_ Lit-tle swarms of gold - en  
 Durch den flii - stern-den Hain \_\_\_\_\_ schwärmen gold' - ne Bie - ne

pp

bees \_\_\_\_\_ Keep hum - ming to lull thee a - sleep, \_\_\_\_\_ keep  
 lein \_\_\_\_\_ und sum - men zum Schlummer dich ein, \_\_\_\_\_ und

dim.

hum - ming to lull thee a - sleep. \_\_\_\_\_  
 sum - men zum Schlum - mer dich ein. \_\_\_\_\_

p

smorzando  
 R.H.

L.H.

# OFT ON HIDDEN PATHS I WANDER

## (AUF GEHEIMEM WALDESPFADE)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802 - 1850)  
Translated by Alexander Blaess

(Original Key, B-flat minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 1

Andantino

VOICE

Oft on hid - den paths I wan - der Thro' the  
Auf ge - hei - mem Wal - des pfa - de schleich' ich

PIANO

woods in twi - light gleam, To the lake se - elud - ed yon - der,  
gern im A - bend - schein an das ö - de Schilf - ge - sta - de,

Dear - est, while of thee I dream! As the shim - m'ring hues are  
Mäd - chen, und ge - den - ke Dein. Wenn sich dann der Busch ver -

wan - ing Moan the reeds mys - te - rious - ly, And they whis - per, low com -  
dü - stert. rauscht das Rohr ge - heim - niss - voll, und es kla - get, und es

plain - ing That my tears must flow for thee. O'er the  
 flü - stert, dass ich wei - nen, wei - nen soll. Und ich

lake in dark - ness ly - ing Soft - ly floats thy voice a -  
 mein. ich hö - re we - hen lei - se Dei - ner Stim - me

long Klang. And I hear the dy - ing e - cho  
 und im Wei - her un - ter - ge - hen

Of thy cap - ti - va - ting song.  
 Dei - nen lieb - li - chen Ge - sang.

To Robert Schumann

# YONDER NOW THE SUN IS SINKING

## (DRÜBEN GEHT DIE SONNE SCHEIDEN)

(Original Key, G minor)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)  
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, N° 2

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

Yon - der now - the sun - is sink - ing,  
Drü - ben geht - die Son - ne schei - den,

PIANO

And - the wear - y day - doth sleep;  
und - der mü - de Tag - ent-schlief.

here - are bend - ing O'er - the lake, hier - die Wei - den in - den Teich, so - calm, so - still, so - deep, so - tief.

*mf* *p rit.* *a tempo* *p*

And my fate from thee di-vides me: Flow, ye tears, flow  
 Und ich muss mein Lieb - stes mei den: quill, o Thrä - ne,  
*animato*

*mf* *p rit.* *a tempo*

si - lent on! In the breeze the reed is sigh - ing  
 quill' her - vor! Trau-rig saii - seln hier die Wei - den,

*p* *pp*

and the wil - lows sad - ly moan.  
 und im Win - de bebt das Rohr.

*p* *pp* *p rit. pp*

Larghetto

In my deep and si - lent sor - row Fall's thy light, love, from a - far,  
*In mein stil - les, tie - fes Lei - den strahlst du Fer - ne!* hell und mild,

ad lib.      p      >      >      rit.      trn.

*a tempo*

As tho' reeds and droop-ing wil - lows  
wie durch Bin - sen hier und Wei - den

Shines the mir - - - ror'd  
strahlt des A - - - bend -

eve - ning star.  
ster - nes Bild.

rit. *p a tempo* rit. *decresc.*

*pp*

# DARK THE SKY, THE CLOUDS ARE FLYING

(TRÜBE WIRD'S, DIE WOLKEN JAGEN)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)

Translated by M.A. Robinson

'Original Key, C sharp minor'

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, N° 3

Allegro maestoso

PIANO

Dark the sky, the clouds are flying,  
Trübe wird's, die Wolken jagen.  
And the rain descends with und der Regen nieder.  
And the bois trous winds are  
die lau ten Winde.

sig - - - - -  
kla - - - - -  
ing: - - - - -  
gen: - - - - -

Lake, - - - - -  
Teich, - - - - -

ah, where - - - - -  
wo ist - - - - -

thy - - - - -  
Dein - - - - -

*pp*

Star - - - - -  
Ster - - - - -  
ry Light?  
nen - licht?

*p*

Seek - - - - -  
Su - - - - -  
thou for - - - - -  
chen den - - - - -  
the van - ished - - - - -  
er - losch - - - - -  
nen - - - - -

gleam - ing,  
Schim - mer,  
Seek thou deep  
su - chen tief  
'neath waves that wild - ly  
im auf - ge-wühl - ten

*fz* *d.*  
*cresc.*

*2a.* \**2a.* \*

flow.  
See.  
*sfs*  
*cresc. molto*

Nev-er-more thy love re-  
Dei - ne Lie - be lä - chelt

*f p*

*2a.* \*

deem-ing  
nim-mer

Smiles up-on my bound-less woe!  
nie - der auf mein tie - fes Weh!

*p* <> <>  
*p*

*pp*

To Robert Schumann

# SUNSET LIGHTS THE WEST

(SONNENUNTERGANG; SCHWARZE WOLKEN ZIEH'N)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F# minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No 4

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

*mf*

Sun - set lights the West;  
Son - nen - un - ter - gang;  
Black the clouds o'er-head,  
schwar - ze Wol - ken, zieh'n,

With the heat op - pressed  
o wie schwül und bang  
Ev - 'ry wind has fled,  
al - le Win - de flielin,

With the heat *cresc.* op - pressed!  
 o wie schwül und *bang!*

*cresc.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

*mf*  
 Light - ning - flash - es  
 Durch dem Him - mel

*dim.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.*

white wild Through the heav - ens break, By their fleet - ing  
 ja - gen Blit - ze bleich; ihr ver - gäng - lich

\* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

light Bild Gleams the lone - ly lake, By their ver -  
 wan - delt durch den Teich,

*cresc.* \* *La.* \* *La.*

dim.  
fleet  
gäng  
- ing  
lich  
light.  
Bild.

dim.  
p  
b  
p  
Ev - 'ry  
Wie  
ge -

pass - ing glare  
wit ter - klar.  
Shows thine im - age pale,  
mein ich Dich zu seh'n,

cresc.  
b  
cresc.  
\* b  
cresc.  
And thy flow - ing hair  
und Dein lan - ges Haar  
In the storm - y gale,  
frei im Stur - me wehn,

scen - do f  
cre - scen -

MT-212 A

In the storm  
 frei im Stur

do *ff* *ff*  
 \* *la* \* *la* \* *la*

y me gale! *weh'n!*  
 \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* *decresc.*

\* *la*

*p* *pp*  
 \* *la* \* *la*

*smorzando*  
 \* *la* *p* *p*

To Robert Schumann

ON THE LAKE, SO CALM, SO PLACID  
(AUF DEM TEICH, DEM REGUNGSLOSEN)

(Original Key, C minor)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)  
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 5

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

On the lake, so calm, so placid,  
Auf dem Teich, dem regungslosen,  
Rests the moon-light's  
weilt des Mondes

sil-vry sheen, In-ter-twin-ing pal-lid ros-es  
hol-der Glanz, flech-tend sei-ne blei-chen Ro-sen

'Mid the reed-shore's wreath of green. By yon  
in des Schil-fes grü nen Kranz. Hir sche

hill - side deer are roam - ing; Still the night, no sound is  
 wan - deln dort am Hü - gel, bli - cken in die Nacht em.

heard, Now and then, a - mid the rush - es Soft - ly  
 por; manch mal regt sich das Ge - flü - gel träu - me.

stirs a sleep - ing bird. *rall.*  
 risch im tie - fen Rohr.

*Larghetto*

Weep ing, I my gaze must low - er; In my  
 Wei nend muss mein Blick sich sen - ken; durch die

deep - est soul I bear Thoughts of thee, so sweet, so  
 tief - ste See - le geht mir ein sü - sses Dein - ge

peace - ful, Like a si - lent eve - ning pray'r!  
 den - ken, wie ein stil - les Nacht - ge - bet!

*dim.*

*ppp*

# THE ROGUE

## (DER SCHALK)

(Original Key, B)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 3, No. 1

Allegretto con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

Soon as May-bells ring their meas-ure On soft breez-es borne a-long,  
Läu - ten kaum die Mai - en - glo - cken lei - se durch den lau - en Wind,

Le. \*

mf

Starts a youth with won-d'ring pleas-ure From the grass and flow'rs a-mong.  
hebt ein Kna - be froh er - schro - cken aus dem Gra - se sich ge-swind;

Le. \* Le. \* Le. \* Le. \* Le. \*

Più animato

cresc.

'Mid the snow-y blos - soms wak-ing, Soon his gold - en locks he's shak - ing,  
schütt - elt in den Blü - then-flo - cken sei - ne fei - nen blon - den Lo - cken,

Le. \* Le. \* Le. \* Le. \* Le. \*

Tempo I

Now the songs of larks are gush-ing, Soft - ly sighs the night - in - gale,  
*Und nun we - hen Ler - chen - lie - der und es schlägt die Nach - ti - gall,*

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and 6/8 time. It features a piano dynamic (p) and a vocal line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are in English and German. The bottom staff is in bass clef, G major, and 6/8 time. It features a piano dynamic (p) and a bass line. The lyrics are in German.

From the moun-tains swift-ly rush-ing, Spark-ling tor-rents seek the vale;  
*rau-schend von den Ber-gen nie-der kommt der küh-le Was-ser-fall;*

Più animato

*p*

In the woods bright birds are wing-ing, Spring re-turns, new pleasures bring-ing;  
 rings im Wal-de bunt Ge-fie-der: Früh-ling, Früh-ling ist es wie-der.

*p*

*cresc.*

*la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \*

*f*

Joy re-sounds o'er hill and dale.  
 und ein Jauch-zen ü - ber all.

*il tenore ben marcato*

*f* *dim.*

*la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \* *la* \*

Tempo I

*p*

Gold-en threads, so light and shin-ing, Weaves the boy with gen-tle arts,  
 Und den Kna-ben hört man schwir-ren, gold-ne Fä-den zart und lind

*p*

*la* \*

Più animato

On the breezes in - ter-twin-ing, And a charm-ing con-test starts: Seek - ing, fly-ing,  
*durch die Lüf-te künstlich wir-ren und ein sü - sser Krieg be-ginnt:* Su - chen, Flie-hen,

*cresc.*

fond il - lu - sion, Till they're lost in sweet con-fu - sion, Oh, thou lab - y -  
*schmach - tend Ir - ren, bis sich al - le hold ver - wir - ren - O be - glück - tes*

*cresc.*

rinth of joy!  
*La - by - rinth!*

*il tenore ben marcato*

ML-214-4

# THE COLORS OF HELGOLAND

## (DIE FARBEN HELGOLANDS)

(Original Key, C# minor)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)  
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, N° 2.

Andante sostenuto

VOICE

PIANO

Green are the pastures, white the  
Grün ist das Ei - land, weiss der

strand, Strand.

Red are the cliffs of Helgo  
roth ist der ho - he Klip - - go -  
strand.

land; Ah, would that still my gar-land  
randi o glänz - ten doch in mei - nem

wore These hues — that deck — the is — land shore!  
*Kranz* noch die — se *Far* — *ben Hel* — *go - lands!*

Thou wreath of love, once green — and  
*Du Kranz der Lie - be,* *grün* — und

red, How art thou now so pale — and  
*roth,* *wie bleibst du jetzt* *so* *bleich* — und



# SPRING AND LOVE

## (FRÜHLING UND LIEBE)

(Original Key, A)

HÖFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)  
Translated by M.A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 3

Andantino con moto

VOICE

PIANO

Im ro - sy bow'r lay Love a -  
sen - busch die Lie be

sleep,  
schlief,

The Spring drew nigh his  
der Früh ling kam, der

dolce

tryst to keep; Love hears his voice, but knows well his  
Friüh ling rief. die Lie be hört's die Lie be er.

wiles,  
wacht,  
Peeps from a bud and arch-ly smiles, — And  
schaudt aus der Knosp' her-vor und lacht, — und

*p*

*dolce*      *rit.*      *a tempo*      *p*  
thinks: "The win-ter's not yet o'er,"  
denkt, zu zei-tig möcht's wohl sein.      Then  
und

*rit.*      *a tempo*      *dolce*

calm - ly falls — a - sleep once more.  
schläft dann ru - hig wie - der ein.

*mf*

But Spring of woo - ing wea - ries  
 Der Früh - ling a - ber lässt nicht

*dolce*

ne'er,  
 nach,  
 Each morn with kiss - es  
 er küsst sie je - den

*dolce*

wak - kens her, Ca - ress - es her - the live - long  
 Mor - gen wach. er Kost mit ihr - von friih bis

day,  
spät,

Till to her heart he's found his way, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
bis sie ihr Herz ge - öff - net hat \_\_\_\_\_ und

*mf*

she his fer - vent long - ing stays, \_\_\_\_\_ And  
sei - ne hei - sse Sehn - sucht stillt, und

*p*

ev' - ry sun - ny gleam re - pays.  
je - den Son - nen - blick ver - gilt.

# HIS COMING

(ER IST GEKOMMEN)

(Original Key, A<sub>b</sub>)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)  
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 4, No. 7

Allegro agitato

mf

VOICE

PIANO

Wild was the day when he came with greet - ing;  
Er ist ge - kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen,

mf

cresc.

con Pedale

f

For him how wild - ly my heart was beat - ing. Could I be  
ihm schlug be - klom - men mein Herz ent - ge - gen. Wie könnt' ich

f

mf

mf

cresc.

know - ing That he was go - ing Up - on the path where we  
ah - nen, dass sei - ne Bah - nen sich ei - nen soll - - ten

cresc.

f

soon should be meet - ing!  
 mei - nen We - gen? la melode ben marcato

mf

Wild was the  
 Er ist ge -

cresc.

day, and the rain - was beat - ing; He won my  
 kom - men in Sturm - und Re - gen, er hat ge -

cresc.

f mf mf

heart - by his look - and greet - ing. Nay, 'twas no woo - ing,  
 nom - men mein Herz - ver - we - gen. Nahm er das mei - ne?

ML-217-4

'Twas Fate's own do - ing: Ere lips had met our  
 nahm ich das sei - ne? Die bei - den ka - men

souls - were meet - ing!  
 sich - ent - ge

gen la melode ben marcato

Dark was the  
 Er ist ge

day of his com - ing and greet - ing! Days may be dark - and the  
 kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen. Nun ist ent - glom - men des

Spring - time fleet - ing; No long - er he's near me, yet faith \_\_\_\_ shall  
 Früh - lings Se - gen. Der Lieb - ste zieht wei - ter, ich seh' \_\_\_\_ es

cheer me; His heart to mine \_\_\_\_ still tru - ly, tru - ly  
 hei - ter. denn mein bleibt er \_\_\_\_ auf al - len, al - len

beat - ing.  
 We - gen la melode ben marcato

cresc.

ff.

To Frau Dr. Livia Fregé

# OUT OF MY SOUL'S GREAT SADNESS

## (AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN)

(Original Key, D minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 1

Andante Fervently (*Innig*)

VOICE

PIANO

Out of my soul's great sad - ness      My lit - tle songs come  
Aus mei - nen gro - ssen Schmer - zen      mach' ich die klei - nen

*p dolce*

wing - ing;      Like wee feath-ered birds, a - sing - ing,      They  
Lie - der,      die he - ben ihr klin - gend Ge - fie - der und

*rit.*

fly to her heart in glad - - - ness.      They  
flat - tern nach ih - rem Her - zen.      Sie

*mf espressivo*

*dim. rit.*

found her, and round her hov - ered, And now they've come back, and they  
 fan - den den Weg zur Trau - ten, doch kom - men sie wie - der und

*p*

scold me, And yet not a song - let has told me What  
*kla* - *gen*, *und* *kla* - *gen*, *und* *wol* - *len nicht* *sa* - *gen*, *was*

*mf*

they in her heart dis - cov - ered.  
*sie* - *im Her - zen schau* - *ten*.

*cresc.*

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

ON THE SEA  
(AUF DEM MEERE)

(Original Key, A minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 3

Andantino Very fervently (Sehr innig)

VOICE

PIANO

From the star - ry eyes of heav - en Trem-bling sparks of light are  
Aus der Himmels - au - gen dro - ben fal - len zit - ternd lich - te

fall - ing Thro' the night; my soul in rap - ture Soars on  
Fun - ken durch die Nacht, und mein See - le dehnt sich

wings of love to meet them, O ye  
lie - be - weit und wei ter. O, ihr



To Frau Dr. Livia Fregé

# LASSIE WITH THE LIPS SO ROSY

## (MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEM)

(Original Key, D $\flat$ )

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.5, No.5

Andantino con moto Fervently (Innig)

VOICE

PIANO

With the eyes— so soft and bright,  
mit den Aug - lein süß und klar,  
Dear wee las - sie,  
Du mein lie - bes,

I keep think - ing, Think - ing on thee day and night.  
sü - sses Mäd - chen, Des - ner denk' ich im - mer - dar.

\*) Remark: The sixteenth notes of the triplets must throughout be light and short.

Anmerk: Die Sechzehnteltheile der Triolenfiguren müssen durchaus leicht und kurz angeschlagen werden.

• (nichts) (lang)

Win - ter nights are long and drear - y;  
Lang' ist heut' der Win - ter a - bend,

*p a tempo*

• (nichts) (lang)

Would that I were with thee, dear,  
und ich möch - te bei Dir sein,

*p*

(crack - ing couth - ly)

Arms a - bout thee, chat - ting gai - ly,  
bei Dir sit - zen, mit Dir schwa - tzen With no mor - tal  
im ver - träu - ten

<sup>\*)</sup> The Scotch words in parentheses are in Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

*with fervor*  
*mf. (mit Wärme)*

by to hear! With my kiss - es I would smoth - er  
*Käm - mer - lein.* *An die Lip - pen wollt' ich pres - sen*

*rit.* *mf*

*p* (jimp and sma') *mf molto più lento*  
 Thy white hand— so fair and small, And my tears for  
*Dei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand,* *und mit Thrä - nen*

*p* *mf ben legato ed espress.*

*p* (fa!)  
 ver - y rap - ture On that wee white hand should fall.  
*sie be - ne - tzen,* *ei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand.*

*p*

*Pa. \** *Pa. \** *Pa. \** *Pa. \**

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

FAREWELL  
(GUTE NACHT)

(Original Key, D minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 7

Andante Softly and fervently (*Leise, innig*)

VOICE      PIANO

The hills and for - ests are  
Die Höh'n und Wäl - der schon

*sempre pp*

dark'-ning      Ev - er      deep - er in      eve - ning      glow;      A  
stei - gen      im - mer      tie - fer in's      A - bend - gold,      ein

bird asks soft in the branch - es,      "May I greet thy love, or  
Vög - lein fragt in den Zwei - gen:      ob es Lieb - chen grü - ssen

no? May I greet thy love or no?" O  
 sollt; ob es Lieb - chen grii - ssen sollt? O

bird - ling, 'tis vain to de - ceive thee, No more in this vale doth she  
 Vög - lein, du hast dich be - tro - gen, sie woh - net nicht mehr im

dwell; Wing forth to the arch of heav - en, Greet her  
 Thal, schwing' auf dich zum Him - mels - bo - gen, grüss' sie

there with my last fare - well.  
 dro - ben zum letz - ten mal.

## FOREBODINGS

## (VERGESSEN)\*

# KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887) *Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

(Original Key, E<sub>b</sub> minor)

**ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, N° 10**

Larghetto appassionato

VOICE

PIANO

*tremolando*

Oh! pain - ful dream, why  
O ban - ger Traum, was

haunt me so, On wings of dusk - y night up - borne?  
flat terst du mit schwär - zem Flü - gel um mein Haupt?

All rest and peace I e'er can  
Du hast mir, du, die gan - ze

*Spesante il Basso*

know From my sad heart is rude - ly torn.  
Ruh' aus mei nem Her - zen wild ge - raubt.

I dream, I pace the riv - er's strand, The  
 Ich träum', ich steh' an Ba - ches Rand, die

wil - lows weep there, all for - lorn. The  
 Trau - er - wei - de hängt her - ein, die

stream - let dies and turns - to sand, The blue for - get - me - nots  
 Quel - le schwand, ver - dorrt - im Sand sind all' die blau - en Ver -

now - are gone. For - got - ten! ah, to  
 giss nicht mein. Ver - ges - sen, ach! ver -

*Più agitato*  
*f (bewegter als vorher)*

*dim.* *f*

be ges for - got By one, the dear - est heart of all-  
sen sein vom lieb - sten Her - zen in der Welt,

\* *Lied.*

This das is ist the al - chief, the die

*f*

*f*

*Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.*

*cresc.*

heav - iest grief which on a hu - man heart can  
schwer - ste Pein die auf ein Men - schen - her - ze

*cresc.*

*Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.* \* *Lied.*

fall. fällt.

*dim.*

*p*

*pp al smorzando*

*Lied.*

# AS THE MOON HER TREMBLING IMAGE

## (WIE DES MONDES ABBILD)

(Original Key, D<sup>b</sup>)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 2

Larghetto tranquillo  
Softly; with fervor (Leise, innig, sanft getragen)

VOICE

PIANO

As the moon her trem - bling im - age On the den  
Wie des Mon - des Ab - bild zit - tert in den

storm - y waves im - press - es, While a - loft, in heav'n's calm  
wil - den Mee - res - wo - gen, und er sel - ber still und

az - ure, All the world with light - she bless - es, So se -  
si - cher wan - delt an den Him - mels - bo - gen. Al - so

rene, my love, thou shin - est, As the moon - light far a -  
 wan - delst du, Ge lieb - te, still und si - cher, und es

dolciss.

bove thee, While my heart for thee is break - ing, So su -  
 zit tert nur dein Ab - bild mir im Her - zen, weil mein

mf

preme - ly do — I love thee.  
 eig' - nes Herz — er - schüt tert.

p

# SPRING'S PROFUSION

## (FRÜHLINGSGEDRÄNGE)

(Original Key, D $\flat$ )

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)  
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 7, No. 5

Allegretto animato

Tenderly lightly (Zart, mit Leichtigkeit)

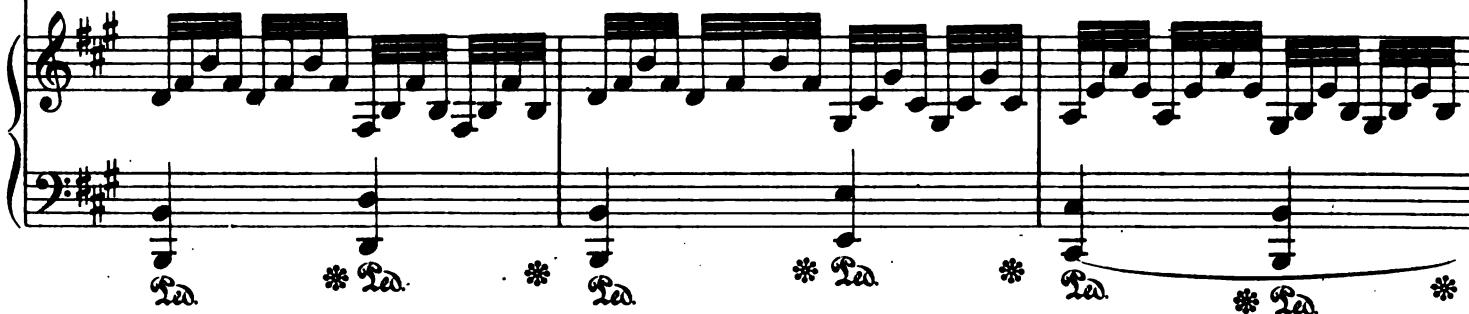
VOICE



PIANO



Flut - ter-ing blos - soms, sweet-breath-ing flow - ers, Gay, hap - py love - songs,  
flat - tern-de Blü - then, duf - ten - de Hau - che, schmach-ten-de, ju - beln-de



joy - ous il - lu - sion, Rush to my heart from each bush \_\_\_\_\_ and  
Lie - bes - ge - sän - ge stür - zen an's Herz mir aus je - - - - dem



bow - - - er.  
 Strau - - - che.  
*p*  
 Spring's fair chil - dren, my heart sur - round - ing, Whis - per to me with  
 Früh - lings - kin - der mein Herz um - schwär - men, flü - stern hin - ein mit  
*p*  
 words so ca - ress - ing, Or, with a breath - less clam - or re - sound - ing,  
 schmei - cheln - den Wor - ten, ru - fen hin - ein mit trun - ke - nem Lär - men,  
 In - to my soul's re - cess - es they're press - ing.  
 rüt - teln an längst ver - schlos - se - nen Pfor - ten.

\* *Lied* \*

*p*  
 Spring's fair chil - dren, my heart es -  
*Früh* lings kin der, mein Herz um -  
*p*  
*Lia.* \* *Lia.* \* *Lia.* \* *Lia.* \*

*cresc.*  
 py - ing, Have ye seen what there -  
 rin gend, Was doch sucht ihr da -  
*cresc.*  
*Lia.* \* *Lia.* \* *Lia.* \*

*mf*  
 in is ly - ing? Have I be -  
 rin so drin gend? Hab' ich's ver -  
*mf*  
*Lia.* \* *Lia.* \*

*p*  
 trayed it, un - think - ing mor - tal!  
 ra - then euch jüngst im Trau - me,  
 Dream - ing schlum - mernd  
*pp*  
*Lia.* \* *Lia.* \* *Lia.* \*

un - der the flow'r - ing myr - tle?  
 un - ter dem Blü - then - bau - me?  
 \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

Or has the morn - ing - wind told the sto - ry, That in my heart, in  
 Brach - ten euch Mor - gen - win - de die Sa - ge dass ich im Her - zen  
 \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

bliss - ful un - ion, Safe - ly hid - is your play - com - pan - ion;  
 ein - gr - schlos - sen eu - ren lieb - li - chen Spiel - ge - nos - sen,  
 \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

That I in se - cret her im - age car - ry?  
 heim - lich und se - lig ihr Bild - niss tra - ge?  
 \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

THE MESSENGER  
(DER BOTE)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

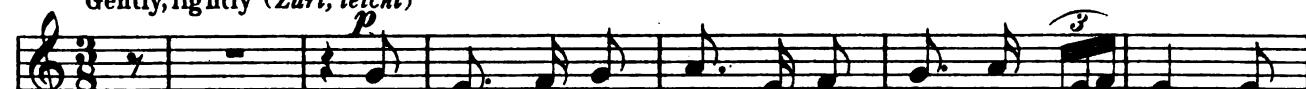
(Original Key, E)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 1

Poco Allegretto

Gently, lightly (Zart, leicht)

VOICE



The stars in the heav-ens are twin-kling so— gay, Thy  
Am Him-mels-grund schie-ssen so lu - stig die— Stern', dein

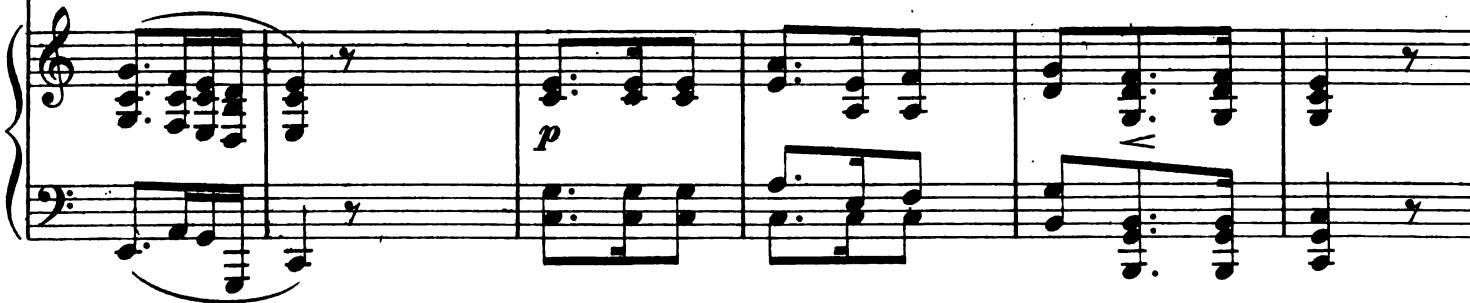
PIANO



true love sends greet - ings from far, far a - way, from far, far a - way.  
Schatz lässt dich grü - ssen aus wei - ter, wei - ter Fern', aus wei - ter, wei - ter Fern'.



Once by the door all un - no-ticed hung a lute, my de - light; The  
Hat ei - ne Zi - ther ge - han - gen an der Thür un - be - acht, der



strings were stirred gen tly by the breez - es at night, by the breez - es at  
 Wind ist ge - gan - gen durch die Sai - ten bei Nacht, durch die Sai - ten bei

night. Up it flew from the trellis o - ver the  
 Nacht. Schwang sich auf dann vom Git - ter ü - ber die

moun-tains, o - ver fields;- The lute is my heart, joy-ous the mu - sic it  
 Ber - ge, ü - ber'n Wald - mein Herz ist die Zi - ther, giebt ei - nen fröh - li chen

yields, joy - ous the mu - sic it yields.  
 Schall, giebt ei - nen fröh - li - chen Schall.

# CALM AT SEA

## (MEERESTILLE)

(Original Key, B minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)  
Translated by M.A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 2

Andante con moto

In ballad tone (*Im Balladenton*)

VOICE

PIANO

I lean from the ship, while gaz-ing In-to the depths be - low,  
Ich seh' von des Schif-fes Ran-de tief in die Fluth hin - ein: Where  
Ge -

moun-tains and ver - dant mead - ows, And ru - ins of long a -  
bir - ge und grü - ne Lan - de und Trüm - mer im fal - ben

go, \_\_\_\_\_ And point - ed tur - rets greet me,  
Schein, \_\_\_\_\_ und za - cki - ge Thürm' im Grun - de,

As they oft did my dreams de - light; \_\_\_\_\_ They  
*wie ich's oft mir im Traum ge - dacht, das*

all be - neath me are gleam - ing Like un - to a beau - ti - ful  
*däm - mert Al - les da un - ten als wie ei - ne präch - ti - ge*

night. \_\_\_\_\_  
*Nacht.*

The sea - king, up - on his watch - - - tow'r,  
*See - kö - nig auf sei - ner War - - - te*

*mf*

Sits in the twi - light deep, As if, with his  
 sitzt in der Däm - me - rung tief, als ob er mit

beard so hoar - y, O'er his harp he'd  
 lan - gem Bar - te ü - ber sei - ner

fal - len a - sleep.  
 Har - fe schließ.  
 dim.

*Più moto*

A - bove him the ships are sail - ing, He  
 Da kom - men und ge - hen die Schif - fe da -

heeds them with nev - er a glance; *rall.* *p*  
 rü - ber, er mer - ket es kaum, *From von*  
*dim.*

cor - al reef he  
 sei nem Co - ral len *greets*  
*rif*

*Tempo I*  
 them, *p* As in a dream - y trance, *as*  
 fe grüßt er sie wie im Traum, grüßt

in a dream - v trahce. *ML - 226 - 4*  
 er sie wie im Traum.

To Otto Dresel

# PASSING THROUGH THE MOONLIT WOODS

(DURCH DEN WALD IM MONDENSCHEINE)

(Original Key, C $\sharp$  minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 3

Allegretto vivace

VOICE

PIANO

Pass - - ing through the moon - lit woods, I  
 Durch den Wald im Mon - den - schei - ne

late - ly saw the Elves a - rid - ing, Heard their lit - tle fair - y bu - gles,  
 sah ich jüngst die El - sen rei - ten; ih - re Hör - ner hört' ich klin - gen,

Heard their ti - ny bells a - chim - - - ing.  
 ih - re Glöck - chen hört' ich läu - - - ten.

From the brows of their white horses  
*Ih - re wei - ssen Röss - lein tru - gen*

Gold - en ant - lers were ex-tend - ing;  
*giuld' - nes Hirsch - ge - weih' und flo - gen*

On rasch they sped like swans in motion, Thro' the air their swift way  
*da - hin, wie wil - de Schwä - ne kam es durch die Luft ge -*

wend - ing. Then their Queen, she smiled and nodded,  
*zo - gen. Lä - chelnd nick - te mir die Kön - gin,*

As she kept her course un - bro - ken.  
*lä - chelnd im Vor - ii - ber - rei - ten.*

*Slow (Langsam)*

Shall new love my heart en - rap - ture, Or did death her smile be -  
*Galt das mei - ner neu - en Lie - be o - der soll es Tod be -*

*rit.*

to - ken?  
*deu - ten?*

*rit. pp a tempo*

*smorzando*

*marcato*

To Otto Dresel

# TEMPEST AND STORM-FURIES SHRIEKING!

## (DAS IST EIN BRAUSEN UND HEULEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, F minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 4

Agitated and passionate (*Aufgereg't, leidenschaftlich*)

VOICE

PIANO

*f (tremolando)*

Where is the maid I'm seek - - - ing, My far - off, lone - ly  
Wo mag wohl je - tzo wei - len mein - ar - mes, ban - ges

love?  
Kind?

*espressivo*

*quieter than before*  
(*ruhiger als vorher*)

pp

Me - thinks that she sits at her  
Ich seh' sie am Fen - ster

pp

mf

case - ment With eyes full of tears and pain,  
leh - nen, im ein - sam - en Käm - mer - lein; And das

>cresc.

*slowly with breadth*  
(*langsam, breit*)

p

ga - zes with bit - ter long - ing In - to the night and rain.  
Au - ge ge - füllt mit Thrä - nen starrt in die Nacht hin - ein.

ten.

STORMY NIGHT  
(GEWITTERNACHT)

69

(Original Key, E-flat minor)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 6

Allegro maestoso ed appassionato  
With utmost energy (Mit grösster Energie)

VOICE

PIANO

semper *ff*

Rage, thou tem - pest, fierc - er and fierc - er, Roar still  
Grol - le lau - ter, zür - nend Ge - wit - ter, Sturm - wind,

loud - er, thou deep - roll-ing thun - der, Ope to the light - ning the cloud - y  
ra - se, du wil - der Ge - sel - le, öff - ne dem Blitz das Wol - ken -

por - tal, That it may rend the dark - ness a - sun - der.  
git - ter, dass er die schwar - ze Nacht mir er - hel - le.

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ML-229-7

Com - fort I find, O  
 Tröst - lich ist mir, o

heav'n, in thy ra - ging; Doubt filled my bos - om, my blood mad - ly sur - ging,  
 Him - mel, dein Ha - dern: Zwei - fel im Her - zen, Zorn in den A - dern,

When from my loved one now I did sev - er. No kiss, no word;  
 bin ich von mei - nem Mäd - chen ge - schie - den, ohn' Kuss und Wort

So I went forth In the tem - pest and night, peace gone for -  
 sso ging ich fort in die grel - len - de Nacht und su - che

colla parte

ML-229-7

rit.

ev er.  
Frie den.

Woe!  
Weh!  
no auf

*pp rit.* *atempo*

more my bos - om may cher - ish That sweet hope of a bliss - ful  
e wig ist mir ver - lo ren je - nes se - li ge Glück - des

un - ion Which her eyes' fond look oft has prom - ised, And in the  
Bun - des, das ihr Au - ge mir zu - ge - schwo - ren und der

glow of our lips' com - mun - ion.  
glü - hen - de Hauch - des Mun - des.

Dreams of my youth, all too soon have ye van - ished,  
 Träu - me der Ju - gend, wie seid ihr ver - flo - gen.

False like her fond vows, truth ye have ban - ished! Sharp - ly goes through my  
 falsch wie die Schwü - re, habt ihr ge - lo - gen! Schnei - dend fühl' ich durch's

heart an an - guish Like light-ning's glare:  
 Herz mir be - ben das Blit - zes - licht:  
 "She loved me ne'er!"  
 sie liebt mich nicht!

*p ad lib.* *rit.*  
 — My heart now is bro - ken, why long - er lan - guish?  
 — mein Herz ist ge - bro - chen, was soll ich le - ben?  
*colla parte* *pp* *rit.* *a tempo*  
*La.*

*ff*  
 Chide thou loud - er, voice of the  
 Grol - le lau - ter, Ge - wit - ter -  
*rit.* *ff* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*  
*poco rit.* *ff a tempo*  
 tem - pest, Flam - ing heav - en wild and au - da - cious, Let in my  
 stim - me, flam - men - der Him - mel, wild und ver - mes - sen, lass mich  
*poco rit.* *a tempo*  
*La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \* *La.* \*

heart thy wrath be re - ech - oed, Let me for - get her, so cold and un -  
 ei - fern mit dei - nem Grim - me, lass die Kal - te mich e - wig ver -

gra - cious!  
 ges - sen!

rall. decresc.

## Larghetto

with deepest feeling (*mit innigster Empfindung*)

But thou art mute, in rain gen - tly flow - ing, Bless - ing for an - ger,  
 A - ber du schweigst, in säu - seln-den Re - gen wan - delt dein Zorn sich,

pp dolce

*E♭* *I* *II* *III* *IV* *V* *VI* *VII*

*dolce*

Heav'n, thou'rt be - stow - ing, Tears of af - fec - tion my full heart re - lieve ye,  
 Him . mel, in Se - gen. Thrä - nen der Lie - be, o rie - selt nie - der.

Ah! reft of thee, what's life to mel Maid - en, thou dear - est,  
 Ach! oh - ne sie ge - nes' ich niel Mäd - chen, Ge - lieb - te,

*p* *mf*

*p* *p* *pespress.*

love me as I love theel  
 lie - be mich wie - der!

*p*

II - \*  $\overline{I^4 - 5}$  (b)  $\overline{I^4 - I^2 / V_i}$   $\overline{V^6 - 3}$   $\overline{I^4 - 5}$  *MI. 229-7*

To Joseph Fischhof

REQUEST  
(BITTE)(Original Key, D<sup>+</sup>)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)

a. Translated by Arthur Westbrook

b. Translated by J. C. Johnson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 9, N<sup>o</sup> 3

(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto (*mit tiefster Innigkeit*)

VOICE

PIANO

Turn to me, dark eye so tender, Let me  
 a) Weil auf mir, du dunk - les Au - ge. ü - be  
 b) On me turn thy spark - ling lus - tre. Dark eye.

feel thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y  
 dei - ne gan - ze Macht. ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -  
 fill'd with gen - tle light. Ear - nest. mild. with dream - light

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.  
 ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sii - sse Nacht.  
 beam - ing, Fair as day, and calm as night!

Take now, with thy som - bre - mag - ic From my  
 Nimm' mit dei - nem - Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se  
 With thy pow'r of blest en chant - ment, Take me

sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou -  
 Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber -  
 from this world a - way; Rule my life and -

may'st for - ev - er O'er my life - ex - tend thy sway.  
 mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.  
 rule for - ev - er, Thee a - lone will I o - bey.

To Fr. Louise von Platen  
**FOR MUSIC**  
**(FÜR MUSIC)**

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815-1884)  
*Translated by Diana V. Ashton*

(Original Key, G $\flat$ )

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No. 1  
(1815-1892)

**Andante molto sostenuto**  
*p with feeling*

**VOICE**

Now the shad-ows dark - en, Star on stars a - light.  
*Nun die Schat-ten dun - keln, Stern an Stern er - wacht.*

**PIANO**

*p il canto molto espress.*

What a breath of long - ing Floods the air at night;  
*Welch ein Hauch der Sehn - sucht flu - tet durch die Nacht.*

*cresc.* *p*

Through the sea of fan - cy Steer-ing with - out rest,  
*Durch das Meer der Träu - me steu - ert oh - ne Ruh,*

Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha - ven, oh, — how blest.  
steu - ert mei - ne See - le Dei - ner See - le su. —

*p*

*cresc.* *p*

*Le.* \* *Le.*

Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone!  
Die sich dir er - ge - ben, nimm sie ganz da - hin! —

*p*

*Le.* \* *Le.* \*

Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.  
Ach, du weisst, dass nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, mein ei - gen bin.

*rresc.* *mf* *p*

*cresc.* *mf* *p*

*Le.* \* *Le.*

To Fr. Louise von Platen

# HARK! HOW STILL

## (STILLE SICHERHEIT)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)  
Translated by John S. Dwight

(Original Key, D<sup>b</sup>)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No. 2

Andantino con moto

**VOICE**

**PIANO**

*p* >

Hark! how still the dusk-y wood has grown!  
Horch. wie still es wird im dun.keln Hain,

R.H.

*p* R.H. L.H.

Maid en, we are safe and all a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_ Eve - ning  
Mäd chen, wir sind si - cher und al - lein. Still ver -

*p*

belles on all the mead-ows round Die a - way with faint and  
säu - selt hier am Wie - sen - hang schon der A - bend glo - cken

*p*

wear - y sound. On the blos-soms that be-side thee blushed Zeph - yr,  
*mil - der Klang.* *Auf den Blu-men die sich dir ver - neigt.* *schließt das*

fall-ing fast a - sleep, is hushed. I may tell thee now, for we're a-  
*letz - te Lüftchen ein* *und schweigt.* *Sa - gen darf ich dir,* *wir sind a-*

alone, That my heart is ev - er - more thine own.  
*lein,* *das mein Herz ist e - wig, e - wig dein.*

*L.H.*

## THOUGH THE ROSES NOW FLOURISH

## (UND DIE ROSEN, DIE PRANGEN)

(Original Key, C minor)

## KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820 - 1887)

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

**ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, N° 5**

### Andantino Simply (*Einfach*)

## VOICE

A musical score for 'The Rose' in 3/8 time. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line starts with a forte dynamic (p) and consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics 'Tho' the roses now flourish, Soon will blow the cold' are written below the notes. The vocal line continues with 'Und die Rosen, die prangen, dritten - hin fährt der'.

## PIANO

*poco rit.*

winds,  
Wind. And en - joy - ment will fade Ere it scarce - ly be -  
und die Lust ist ver - gan - gen fast eh' sie be -

poco rit.

gins.  
ginnt.

Songs of birds are re - sound - ing Far and wide o'er the  
Und die Vög - lein, die sin - gen, und die Lust, die ver -

a tempo

land, *cresc.*  
 weht's,  
 All the air rings with mu - sic, Yet  
 durch die Welt geht ein Klin - gen und  
*cresc.*  
 none un - der - stand. And the stars shi - ning  
 Kei - ner ver - steh't's. *ten.* Und die Ster - ne, die  
*pp* *p*  
*ten.*  
 clear - ly, Their night - ly watch keep, But 'mid this great  
 schei - nen so hell durch die Nacht, ich a - ber muss  
*cresc.* *f*  
*2a*  
 splen - dor I on - ly can weep.  
 wei - nen in - mit - ten der Pracht.  
*p* *p*

I WANDER THIS SUMMER MORNING  
(AM LEUCHTENDEN SOMMERMORGEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, G minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.11, N° 2

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

*espress. il canto*

*pp dolciss.*

*p*

I wan - der, this sum - mer  
Am leuch - ten - den Som - mer -

morn - ing, Here in my gar - den a - lone. The  
mor - gen geh' ich im Gar - ten her - um. Es

flow - ers are whis - p'ring and nod - ding, But si - lent I wan - der -  
flü - stern und spre - chen die Blu - men, ich a - ber ich wand - le

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

on.  
stumm.

*p*

The flow - ers are whis - p'ring and  
Es flü - stern und spre - chen die

*pp*

nod - ding; My face with com - pas - sion they scan:  
Blu - men und schau - en mit - lei - dig mich an: "For -  
sei

give - our sis - ter," they're plead - ing, "Thou care-worn and sor - row - ful -  
un - strer Schwei - ster nicht bö - se, du trau - ri - ger, blas - ser -

*mf*

man"  
Mann.

*pp*

# A CHURCHYARD (EIN FRIEDHOF)

MAX WALDAU (1822-1855)  
*Translated by Diana V. Ashton*

(Original Key, C minor)

**ROBERT FRANZ, Op.13, № 3**

### Andante con moto

## VOICE

Phan-toms of flames now ex-tin-guished  
Sche-men er-lo-sche-ner Flam-men Flick-er o-ver the  
fä-chern ü-ber das

Tears from burn-ing lash-es Hang on the reeds like  
Thrä-nen bren-nen-der Wim-pern flim-mern als Thau am

Graves with with-er'd gar-lands, Fa-ded heart in each breast.  
Wel-ke Krän-ze am Gra-be, wel-ke Her-zen da-rin,

Soft-ly rus-tle the wil-lows, Peace and e-ter-nal rest.  
lei-se rau-schen die Wei-den, Frie-den da-rü-ber hin.

## DEDICATION (WIDMUNG)

## WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816 - 1878)

*Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

(Original Key, Ab)

**ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, N° 1**  
(1815 - 1892)

(1815 - 1892)

### Andante espressivo (*Innig*)

## VOICE

Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the  
O dan - ke nicht für die - se Lie - der. mir ziemt es

## PIANO

**songs, no gift of mine.**      **Thou gav'st them me;** —      **I but re-**  
**dank-bar Dir zu sein;**      **Du gabst sie nur;** —      **ich ge - be**

turn thee What is and ev - er will be thine.  
wie - der, was jetzt und einst und e - wig Dein.

Thine were they ev - 'ry one for ev - er. The light which  
 Dein sind sie al - le ja ge we - sen. Aus Dei - - ner

in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how to  
 lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge -

read them; Dost thou not know they are thine own,  
 le - sen, kennst Du die eig - enen Lie - der nicht?

Dost thou not know they are thine own?  
 kennst Du die eig - enen Lie - der nicht?

# IN THE WOODS

(WALDFAHRT)

(Original Key, G)

F. KÖRNER

Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 8

**Allegretto con grazia**  
 Fresh and light (Frisch und leicht)

VOICE

PIANO

The woods, the  
Im Wald', im

woods are green and fair; The branch - es wave soft - ly and flow'r are  
Wald' ist's frisch und grün, da - we - hen die Zwei - ge, die Blu - men

there, And the heart - feels glad in the joy - ous gleams of the  
blüh'n, durch die Wi - pfel lacht und in's Herz - hin - ein das

clear blue sky and the sun's bright beams In wood - lands, sha-dy wood -  
 Him mel - blau und der Son - nen - schein im Wald', im küh - len Wal -  
 cress.  
*Lie.* \* *Lie.* \* *Lie.* \* *Lie.*

lands. The woods, the woods are the realm of love; The -  
 de. *Im Wald', im Wald' ist der Lte - be Reich, da -*  
*mf* *mf*  
*Lie.* \* *Lie.* \* *Lie.* \*

birds trill their songs in the boughs a - bove; The flow'rs by breez-es are kiss'd and ca -  
 sin - gen die Vög - lein auf je - dem Zweig, da wiegt die Blu - men ein ko - sen - der  
*p*  
*Lie.* \* *Lie.* \* *Lie.* \*

cress'd, And I kiss and cra - dle thee on my breast, In wood - lands,  
 Wind, und ich wieg' und kü - sse dich, hers' ges Kind, im Wald', im  
*cresc.*  
*cresc.*  
*Lie.* \* *Lie.* \* *Lie.*

shady wood - lands.  
küh - len Wal - de.

When red  
Glüht roth

through the boughs streams the  
durch die Zweige der

eve - ning light, And twi - light  
A - bend - schein und däm - mert

calm - ly doth her - ald night,  
lei - se die Nacht her - ein.

Wend we our way, and seek - our rest; Still the en - chant - ment doth  
dann ziehn wir heim, dann klingt - und blüht Wald - lust Wald - rau - schen noch

fill our breast Of wood - lands, shady wood - lands.  
durch's Ge - müth vom Wald; vom küh - len Wal - de.

To Frau Sophie, Erbgrossherzogin zu Sachsen-Weimar

THE PINE-TREE  
(DER FICHTENBAUM)HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Ellen Frothingham(Original Key, D<sub>b</sub>)ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 16, N<sup>o</sup> 3

Andante maestoso

VOICE

PIANO

A pine-tree stand-eth lone-ly Far  
Ein Fich-ten-baum steht ein-sam im

north on a bar-ren height, He slum- bers, the snows a-  
Nor-den auf kah-ler Höh', ihn schlä-fert; mit wei-sser

bout him Are wrap-ping their folds of white, Are wrap-ping their folds of  
De-cke um-hüll-en ihn Eis und Schnee, um-hüll-en ihn Eis und

white. — Schnee, —

la melode ben marcato

pp cresc.

with fervor  
(mit Wärme und Innigkeit)

His dreams are of a palm - tree, Who  
Er träumt von ei - ner Pal - me, die

far in east - ern lands Si - lent - ly stand - eth,  
fern im Mor - gen - land, ein - sam und schwei - gend

griev - ing A - lone on her burn - ing sands.  
trau - ert auf bren - nen - der Fel - sen - wand.

scen - do dim. p decresc. pp

To Joseph Tichatscheck

## SERENADE

(STÄNDCHEN)

(Original Key, B)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)

Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.17, No. 2

Andantino con grazia With fervor and tenderness (*Innig und sart*)

VOICE

PIANO

I — hear the stream - let  
Der — Mond ist schla - fen

plash - ing; The — star - ry eyes are — dim, Too  
gan gen, die — Ster - ne blin - zeln — blind, als

wea - ry now to trim their lamps, Once spark - ling and  
ob — sie mü - de sind von al - lem Fun - keln und

flash - - ing.  
Pran - - gen.

And at my win - dow  
Und vor dem Fen - ster.

pon - d'ring.  
lei - se

Whis - pers, so soft  
säu - selt so lieb

and kind,  
und lind

A  
ein

gen - - tly mur - m'ring wind;  
fri - - scher Früh - lings - wind;

*softly  
(leicht)*

I hail it in its  
ich wünsch ihm gu - te

wan - d'ring.  
Rei - se,

Now it bears a mes - sage from me; "Hap-py  
Und — hörst du's sach - te po - chen: "Gu - te

rest, hap - py rest, my child!"  
Nacht, gu - te Nacht, mein Kind!"

Dost hear its mes - sage  
Dich grüßt der Früh - lings-

mild?  
wind;

It — prom-is'd it would greet thee.  
er — hat es mir ver - spro - chen.

IN AUTUMN  
(IM HERBST)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1878)  
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

(Original Key, C minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 17, № 6

Allegro maestoso Gloomily (*Düster*)

VOICE

The heath - er is brown, once bloom - ing so red; The  
*Die Hai - de ist braun, einst blüh - te sie roth; die*

PIANO

birch tree, once green, is bared to the blast; Once twain we did roam, now  
*Bir - ke ist kahl, grün war einst ihr Kleid; einst ging ich zu zwein, jetzt*

walk I a - lone; Oh! sor - row-ful Au - tumn, I would it were past! A -  
*geh' ich al - lein; weh' ii - ber den Herbst und die gram - vol - le Zeit! o*

*molto rit.* *mf a tempo*

las, a - las! — Oh! sor - row - ful Au - tumn, I would it were past!  
weh, o weh! — weh' ü - ber den Herbst und die gram - vol - le Zeit!

*molto rit.* *a tempo*

*pp* *mf*

*2d. \**

*p*

Once blos - som'd the ro - ses, now with - er they all; The  
Einst blüh - ten die Ro - sen, jetzt wel - ken sie all; voll

*f*

flow' - - rets, once fra - grant, now 'with - er a - way; Once  
Duft war die Blu - me, nun zog er her - aus; einst

two gath-ered flow'rs, Now I pluck a - lone; All flow'rs are with-er'd and  
 pflück' ich zu zwei'n, jetzt pflück' ich al - lein; das wird ein dür - rer, ein

scent-less to - day! A - las, a - las! All flow'rs are with - er'd and  
 duft - lo - ser Strauss! o - weh, o weh! Das wird ein dür - rer, ein

molto rit. pp a tempo  
 molto rit. pp mf a tempo  
 \*  
 Più lento  
 scent-less to-day! The world is so drear that once was so sweet; I  
 duft - lo - ser Strauss. Die Welt ist so öd, sie war einst so schön; ich

*a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*  
 once was so rich, so rich;  
 war einst so reich, so reich,  
*Largo*  
*(Breit)* *a tempo*  
 Need - y now am  
 jetzt bin ich voll

*a tempo* *rit.* *pp* *ff* *a tempo*  
 Il Once twain we did roam, now walk I a - lone; My love is  
 Noth! einst ging ich zu zwei'n jetzt geh' ich al - lein! Mein Lieb ist

*very passionately*  
*(sehr leidenschaftlich)*  
*f a tempo*  
*f* *cresc.* *ff* *f* *rit.* *a tempo*  
 false, Ah, then let me die! My love is false! Ah, then let me die!  
 falsch. o wä - re ich tod! mein Lieb ist falsch! o wä - re ich tod!

*cresc.* *ff* *p*  
*rit.* *a tempo*  
*2a* \* *2a* \* *2a* \*

# M A R I E

## (M A R I E)

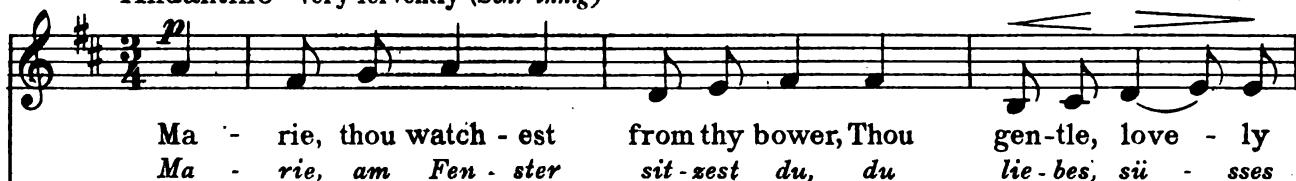
(Original Key, F<sup>#</sup>)

RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL (1828- )  
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.18, N<sup>o</sup>1

Andantino Very fervently (Sehr innig)

VOICE



PIANO



maid, How sweet - ly flow - er plays with flow'r, By eve - ning zeph - yrs  
Kind, und siehst dem Spiel der Blü - then zu, ver - weht im A - - bond -



swayed And, if a stran - ger pass - es there, He soft - ly bares his  
wind. Der Wand'rer der vor - ü - ber geht, er lüf - tet fromm den



**mf** **p**
  
 brow. Thou art in truth a ten - der prayer, So fair and ho - ly  
 Hut; du bist ja selbst wie ein Ge - bet, so fromm, so - schön, so

**mf** **p**
  
 thou! The flow-ers gaze with  
 gut. Die Blu-men. - au - gen

flow-er-eyes Up to the light of thine. The fair-est blos - som  
 seh'n em - por zu dei - ner Au - gen Licht! Die schön-ste Blum' im

'neath the 'skies Is thine own face di - vine. The ves-per - chimes are  
 Fen - ster - flor ist doch dein An - ge - sicht. Ihr A - bend - glo - chen

greet - ing thee In sweet-est mel - o - dy! Oh, may no storm  
 grü - sset sie mit sü - sser Me - lo - die! O brech' der Sturm

e'er break the flow'rs, Nor yet thy heart, Ma - rie!  
 die Blu - men nie und nie dein Herz, Ma - rie!

THE RHINE, THE RIVER OF STORY  
(IM RHEIN, IM HEILIGEN STROME)

(Original Key, D)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.18, No.2

Andante Softly (Leise)

*In legend tone (Im Legenden-ton)*

VOICE

*p*

The Rhine, the riv - er of sto - ry, Re - flects in its depths of  
Im Rhein, im hei - li - gen Stro - me, da spie - gelt sich in den

PIANO

*p*

*una corda*  
(Mit Verschiebung)

blue — Co - logne, the great and ho - ly And her great ca - the - dral,  
Well'n — mit sei - nem gro - ssen Do - me das gro - sse, hei - li - ge

too, — Her great ca - the - dral, too; — Where - in there hangs a  
Cöln, — das gro - sse hei - li - ge Cöln. — Im Dome, da steht ein

Vir - gin With back-ground of paint - ed gold;— And, though my life is  
 Bild - niss, auf gol - de - nem Grun-de ge - malt;— in mei - nes Le - bens

wild and sad, She smiles from the can - vas old,— She smiles from the can - vas  
 Wild - niss, hat's freund - lich hin - ein - ge strahlt, hat's freund lich hin - ein - ge

old.— Fair flow'r's and Cher - u - bim hov - er A - round the Vir - gin there.— Her  
 strahlt.— Es schwe - ben Blu - men und Eng - lein um uns' - re lie - be Frau;— die

eyes and her lips and her fore - head Re-mind me of those of my fair.—  
 Au - gen, die Lip - pen, die Wäng - lein, die glei - chender Lieb - sten ge - nau.—

To Richard Wagner, the composer of "Lohengrin"  
**THE SPRINGS BLUE EYES**  
(DIE BLAUEN FRÜHLINGSAUGEN)

(Original Key, F#)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 20, No. 1

Allegretto con grazia Light and tender (Zart und leicht)

VOICE      *p*

The Spring's blue eyes are look - ing From out the dew - y  
Die blau - en Früh - lings - au - gen schau'n aus dem Gras her -

PIANO      *p*  
*con Pedale*

grass;      They are the tim - id vio - lets; I  
vor;      das sind die lie - ben Veil - chen, die

pluck them as I pass.  
ich mir zum Strauss er - kor.

I pluck them, ev - er  
Ich pflii - cke sie und

think - ing, And all the hid - den tale,  
 den - ke, und die Ge - dan - ken all',

Which in my heart is sigh - ing, Sings loud the night - in -  
 die mir im Her - zen seuf - zen, singt laut die Nach - ti -

gale. Yes, what I'm think - ing sings she With  
 gall. Ja, was ich den - ke singt sie und

clear and ring - ing tone; Till all my ten - der  
 schmet - tert dass es schallt: mein zärtlich süß Ge -

se - cret To all the wood is known, To  
 heim - niss weiss schon der gan - ze Wald, weiss

all the wood is known.  
 schon der gan - ze Wald.

*To Johanna Wagner*

# THE LOTUS FLOWER (DIE LOTOSBLUME)

109

**HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)**  
*Translated by Arthur Westbrook*

(Original Key, G minor)

**ROBERT FRANZ, Op.25, N° 1**

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, with a dynamic of 'p' (pianissimo). The lyrics are in English and German, with the German text below the English. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a melodic line extending across the page. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with a dynamic of 'p'.

neath the sun's fierce light; With droop-ing head she  
 vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem

*cresc.*

$\text{L} \ddot{\text{a}}$ . \*  $\text{L} \ddot{\text{a}}$ . \*  $\text{L} \ddot{\text{a}}$ . \*  $\text{L} \ddot{\text{a}}$ . \*

wait - eth, She dream - i - ly waits for the night.  
*Haup - te er - war - tet sie träu-mend die Nacht.*

The  
*Der*

moon is her true lov - er; He wakes her with fond em -  
 Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem

brace; — For him she glad - ly un - veil - eth Her  
 Licht, — und ihm ent - schlei - ert sie freund - lich ihr

love - ly flow - er - face. She blooms, — and glows, and —  
 hol - des Blu - men - ge - sicht. Sie blüht — und glüht und —

Cresc.

*mf*

*mf*

bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; While  
 leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die Höh; sie

*Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \*

weep - ing, ex - hal - ing, and trem - bling With love and the pain of  
 duf - tet und wei - net und sit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -

*Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \*

love, With love and the pain of love.  
 weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

*p*

*Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \* *Ld.* \*

*p*

*pp*

# O STAR, DECEIVE ME NOT!

(O LÜGE NICHT!)

(Original Key, C)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 2

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

A beau-teous star dawns in my gloom - y night, A  
*Ein schö - ner Stern geht auf in mei - ner Nacht, ein*

star that sheds sweet com - fort with its light, Hope of new  
*Stern, der sii - ssen Trost her - nie - der lacht, und neu - es*

life to cheer my lot; O star, de - ceive me not,  
*Le - ben mir - ver - spricht; o lü - ge, lü - ge nicht,*

Oh, mock me not! As to the moon the sea tends  
 o lü - ge nicht! Gleich wie das Meer dem Mond ent - .

end - less - ly, So to thy light up - soars my spir - it  
 ge - gen - schwillet, so flu - thet mei - ne See - le hoch und

free; By thy mild light I fal - - ter not; O star, de - .  
 wild em - por zu Dei - nem mil - - den Licht - o lü - ge.

ceive me not, Oh, mock me not!  
 lü - ge nicht, o lü - ge nicht!

To Johanna Wagner

'TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY  
(IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI)HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook(Original Key, A<sup>b</sup>)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 5

Andantino con grazia

VOICE

PIANO

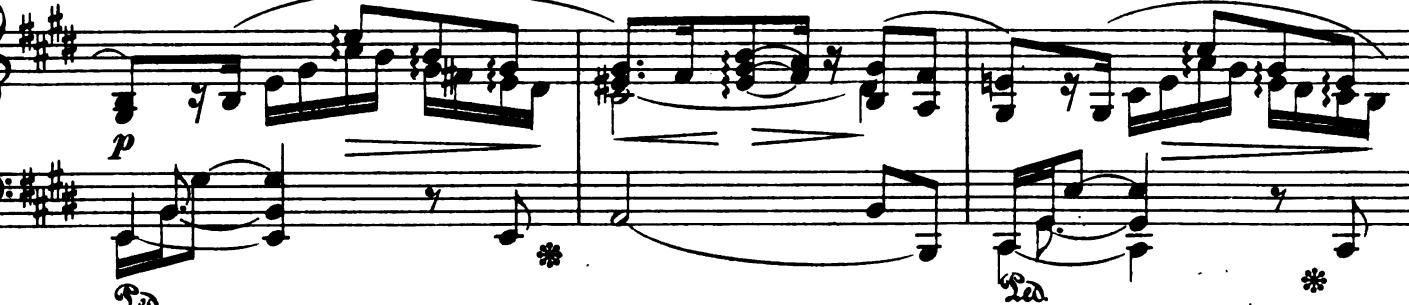
'Twas in the love - ly month of May,  
Im wun - der-schö - nen Mo - nat Mai,  
When  
als

all the buds were blow - ing,  
al - le Knos - pen spran - gen,  
Then first with - in my  
da ist in mei - nem

bos - om;  
Her - zen  
Sweet love - I found was grow - - -  
die Lie be auf - ge gan

cresc.

ing.  
gen. 'Twas in the love-ly month of May, When  
gen. Im wun-der-schönen Mo-nat Mai, als

p 

all the birds were sing - ing; Then came I to my  
al - le Vö - gel san - gen, da hab' ich ihr ge -



dar - ling, My love and long - ing bring -  
stan - den mein Seh - nen und Ver - lan -



ing.  
gen. 



# STARS WITH GOLDEN SANDALS

(STERNE MIT DEN GOLDNEN FÜSSCHEN)

(Original Key, E)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 80, No. 1

Larghetto con grazia

VOICE

PIANO

Stars with lit - tle gold - en san-dals,  
Ster - ne mit den gold' - nen Füss - chen

Make your  
wan - deln

con Pedale

foot - steps soft and light  
dro - ben . bang - und sacht,

Lest you wake the earth be -  
dass sie nicht die Er - de

low you,  
we - cken,

Sleeping in the lap of night.  
die da schlafst im Schooss der Nacht.

Lis - tning stand the si - lent for - ests; Like an je - des  
 Hor - chend stehn die stum - men Wäl - der,

ear is ev - 'ry - leaf, And the moun - tain, dream - ing,  
 Blatt ein grü - nes Ohr! Und der Berg - wie träu - mend

stretch-es Arms of shad - ow o'er the heath.  
 streckt er sei - nen Schat - ten - arm her - vor.

*con anima*

Listen yon-der!  
 Doch was rief es?  
 Wond'rous ring-ing  
 In mein Her- ze  
 Ech- oing soft-ly  
 bringt der Tö- ne

down the vale!  
 Wie der hall.  
 Was it my Be - lov - ed's sing-ing,  
 War es der Ge - lieb - ten Stim-me,  
 Was it o - der

but the night - in - gale?  
 war's die Nach ti - gall?

ROMANCE  
(ROMANZE)

119

(Original Key, F minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788 - 1857)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 85, No 4

Allegretto con moto

VOICE

PIANO

Where wan - der - ers dare not ven - ture, O'er  
Und wo noch kein Wan - d'rer 'gan - gen, hoch

horse and hunt - er rise high  
ii - ber Jä - ger und Ross, The cliffs in the glo - ry of sun - set, Like a  
die Fel - sen im A - bend - roth han - gen als

cas - tle in the sky.  
wie ein Wol - ken - schloss.

*Poco più lento*  
*p dolce*

There un-der the bat - tle-ments lost - - y The  
 Dort zwis-schen den Zin - nen und Spi - - tzen von

wood - nymphs grace - ful - ly throng; Wild  
 wil - den Nel - ken um - blüht, die

ro - ses bloom - a - bout them; They  
 schö - nen Wald. - frau'n si - - tzen, und

sing to the wind - their song.  
 sin - gen im Wind' - ihr Lied.

>cresc. e accel. molto - V. - V. - V. - V. -  
*Allegro vivace  
molto agitato*  
 The hunts - man looked at the cas - tle; "There  
 Der Jä - ger schaut nach dem Schlo - sse: "die  
 dwells the maid I a - dore!" He sprang from his ter - ri - fied  
 dro - ben, das ist mein Lieb! Er sprang von dem scheu - en - den  
 char - ger, And lost was he ev - er - more.  
 Ro - sse und Kei - ner weiss wo er blieb.  
 rit.  
 a tempo  
 pp

# SPRING FESTIVAL

(FRÜHLINGSFEIER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, B $\flat$  minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 1

Allegro agitato

VOICE. *mf*

PIANO *mf* *con Pedale*

This is the spring - tide's mourn - ful  
Das ist des Früh - lings trau - ri - ge

feast; A fran - tic con - fu - sion of bloom - ing girls Is  
Lust! Die blüh - en - den Mäd - chen, die wil - de Schaar, die

cresc.

rush - ing a - long with fly - ing curls, With cries of de - spair and  
stür - men da - hin, mit flat - tern - dem Haar und Jam - mer - ge - schrei und

*f*

heav - ing breast: "A - do - nis, A - do - - - nis!"  
wo - gen - der Brust: "A - do - nis, A - do - - - nis!"

*mf*

The night sinks down: by torch - es' gleams They search the  
 Es sinkt die Nacht. Bei Fa - ckel - schein sie su - chen

*cresc.*

wood on ev' - ry side, That ech - oes fear - ful  
 hin und her im Wald, der angst - ver - wir - ret

far and wide, With weep-ing and laugh-ter, and sob - bing and screams: "A - wie - der - hallt von Wei - nen und La - chen und Schluch - zen und Schrein: „A -

do - nis, A - do - - nis!"  
 do - nis! A - do - - nis!"

*mf*

*mf*

The mor - tal youth, so won - drous fair, Lies on the  
 Das wun - der - schö - ne Jüng - lings - bild, es liegt am

ground all pale and dead; His blood has stained the  
 Boden bläss und todt, das Blut färbt al - le

*cresc.*

flow - ers red, And wild la-ment-ing fills the air: "A - do - nis, A -  
 Blu - men roth, und Kla - ge laut die Luft er-füllt: „A - do - nis! A -

*f*

do - - - nis!"  
 do - - - nis!"

*p*

*pp*

THE RUNIC ROCK  
(ES RAGT IN'S MEER DER RUNENSTEIN)

125

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, C minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 2

Maestoso, ma con moto

mf

VOICE

The Ru - nic rock oer - hangs the sea; There  
Es ragt in's Meer der Ru - nen - stein, da

PIANO

mf

oft I am sit - ting and dream - ing; The salt winds blow, the sea-gulls cry, The  
sitz' ich mit mei - nen Träu - men. Es pfeift der Wind, die Mö - ven schrei'n, die

mf

bil - lows are foam - ing and gleam - ing. I've  
Wel - len, die wan - dern und schäu - men. Ich

loved, oh, how man - yā maid - en fair, And man - yā right jol - ly  
 ha - be ge - liebt manch' schö - nes Kind und man - chen gu - ten Ge -

fel - low. Where are they now? The shrill winds blow, While  
 sel - len: wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind, es

foam crests the wan - der - ing bil - low.  
 schäu - men und wan - dern die Wel - len.

## THE SEA IS SHINING IN THE SUN

(DAS MEER ERSTRAHLT IM SONNENSCHEIN)

(Original Key, E $\flat$ )HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 3

Andante maestoso

VOICE      *mf*

The sea is shin-ing in the sun, It seems of gold to  
 Das Meer er-strahlt im Son-nen-schein, als ob es gol-den

PIANO      *mf*

*con Pedale*

be;      Ye      friends,      when      life      is  
 wär;      Ihr      Brü - der,      wenn      wenn      ich  
 o - ver      Then  
 ster - be,      ver -

sink me in the sea.      So  
 senkt mich in das Meer.      Hab'



IN THE DREAMY WOOD I WANDER  
(WANDL' ICH IN DEM WALD DES ABENDS)

129

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
Translated by Emma Lazarus

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 4

Larghetto With tender fervor (*Zart und innig*)

VOICE

PIANO

con Pedale

In the dream-y wood I wan - der, In the wood at e - ven -  
Wandl' ich in dem Wald des A - bends, in dem träu - me - ri - schen

tide; Ev - er doth thy grace - ful fig - ure Wan - der soft - ly at my  
Wald, im - mer wan-delt mir zur Sei - te dei - ne zärt - li - che Ge -

side. Is not this thy white veil float-ing, This thy love - ly gen - tle  
stalt. Ist es nicht dein wei - sser Schlei - er? nicht dein sanf - tes An - ge -

dear - ly I al - ways loved the sea, And oft with gen - tle  
 im - mer das Meer so lieb ge - habt, es hat mit sanf - ter

*cresc.*

swell Its waves have cooled my glow - ing heart, - We've  
 Fluth so oft mein Herz ge - küh - - let; wir

*cresc.*

loved one an - oth - - er well.  
 wa - ren ein - an - - der gut.

IN THE DREAMY WOOD I WANDER  
(WANDL' ICH IN DEM WALD DES ABENDS)

129

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Translated by Emma Lazarus

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 4

Larghetto With tender fervor (*Zart und innig*)

VOICE

PIANO

con Pedale

tide; Wald, Ev - er im - mer doth thy grace - ful wan - delt mir sur fig - ure Wan - der Sei - te dei - ne soft - ly at my zärt - li - che Ge -

side. stalt. Is not this thy white veil float - ing, Ist es nicht dein wei - sser Schlei - er? This thy love - ly gen - tle sanf - tes An - ge -

face? Is it but the moon-light break-ing Thro' the gloom - y pine-tops?  
 sicht? O - der ist es nur der Mond-schein, der durch Tan - nen-dun - kel

space? Can these tears, so soft - ly flow-ing, Be my ver - y own I  
 bricht? Sind es mei - ne eig - nen Thrä - nen, die ich lei - se rin - nen

hear, Or art thou, in truth, my dar - ling, Weep - ing by my side so near?  
 hör? O - der gehst du, Lieb - ste, wirk - lich wei - nend ne - ben mir ein - her?

THE SUN'S BRIGHT RAYS  
(DIE HELLE SONNE LEUCHTET)

131

From the Persian of MIRZA SCHAFFY  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F#)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 2

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

*con Pedale*

The  
Die

sun's bright rays are gleam - ing On the broad ex-panse of  
hel - le Son - ne leuch - tet auf's - wei - te Meer her -

o - - cean, And ev - 'ry wave - let trem - bles As  
nie - der, und al - le Wel - len zit - tern von

*cresc.*

though with deep e - mo - tion.  
ih - rem Glan - ze wie - der.

*p*

Thou, too, shin-est like the sun - beams; In the  
 Du spie - gelst dich, wie die Son - ne, im

flood of my heart's out - pour - ing! My songs all glow and  
 Mee - re mei - ner Lie - derl Sie al - le gliiin und

trem - ble, Thy ra - diance rare a - dor -  
 zit - tern von dei - nem Glan - ze wie

ing! derl

p dim.

KNOWEST THOU?  
(WEISST DU NCCH?)

133

From the Persian of HAFIS  
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Original Key, C)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 4

Andantino con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Know-est thou, be - lov-ed one, how dear un - to me thou -  
Weisst du noch, mein sü - sses Herz, wie al - les sich hold be -

mf

con Pedale

art, how per-fect is our bliss? How thy lips, un - clos-ing to up -  
ge - ben zwi - schen dir und mir? Wie zu schel - ten dei - ne Lip - pe

braid, drop on - ly the sweet - est hon - ey in a - kiss? When the  
rang und doch Ho - nig - küs - se traü - fel - ten von ihr? Wie auf

si - lent moon up - on our path-way shines with her gen - tle glance of  
uns der stil - le Blick des Mond's ge - ruht, und in sei - nem stil - len

blessing bright, How the gift no mortal heart could dream is ours By the  
 Bli - cke - wir! Wie was sich kein gläu - bi - ges Ge - mü - te träumt, uns die

grace of heav'n, Love's pure - de - light?  
 Huld des Him - mels schenk - te hier?

Know-est thou, be - lov - ed one, how  
 Weisst du noch, mein süi - sses Herz, wie

dear un - to me - thou - art, how per - fect is our bliss?  
 al - les sich hold - be - ge - ben zwi - schen dir und mir?

# THE ROSE COMPLAINED

(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

135

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)

(From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)

Translated by George L. Osgood

(Original Key. D<sup>b</sup>)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.42, N<sup>o</sup>5

(1815-1893)

Larghetto—Fervent and tender. (*Innig und zart*)

VOICE

PIANO

*mf espressivo*

*Con Ped.*

The rose com-  
Es hat die

plain'd with hang - ing head  
Ro - se sich be - klagt, Her fragrance all too soon was  
das gar zu schnell der Duft ver -

go - ing, Which spring had lav - ished sweet and ver - nall  
ge - he den ihr der Lenz ge - ge - ben ha - be.

To com - fort  
 Da hab' ich

her, 'twas then I said,  
 ihr zum Trost ge sagt,  
 Her fragrance through my songs was  
 dass er durch meine Lieder

float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nall  
 we - he, und dort ein ew - ges Le - ben ha - be.

*p*

*To Henry S. B. Schlesinger*

# TRANSFORMATION (DOPPELWANDLUNG)

(Original Key, G minor)

**HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798 - 1874)**  
*Translated by E. S. Wilcox*

## ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 44, N° 3

## Andantino

## VOICE

## PIANO

To Spring I said, "O stay— thee!" But  
Zum Früh-ling sprach ich: wei - le! da

p

Yet still does Win - ter  
er a - ber blieb bei

dim.

stay. \_\_\_\_\_  
mir. \_\_\_\_\_

dim.

p

dim.

dolce

*serenely  
(innig)*

Then saw I two suns beam - ing, So mild and lov - ing -  
Da schie-nen mir zwei Son - nen so hold und min - nig -

dim.

dim.

ly: The melt - ing snows were stream - ing, and  
lich: der Schnee er war zer ron - nen und

Spring re - turned to me.  
Früh - ling ward's um mich.

dim.

dim.

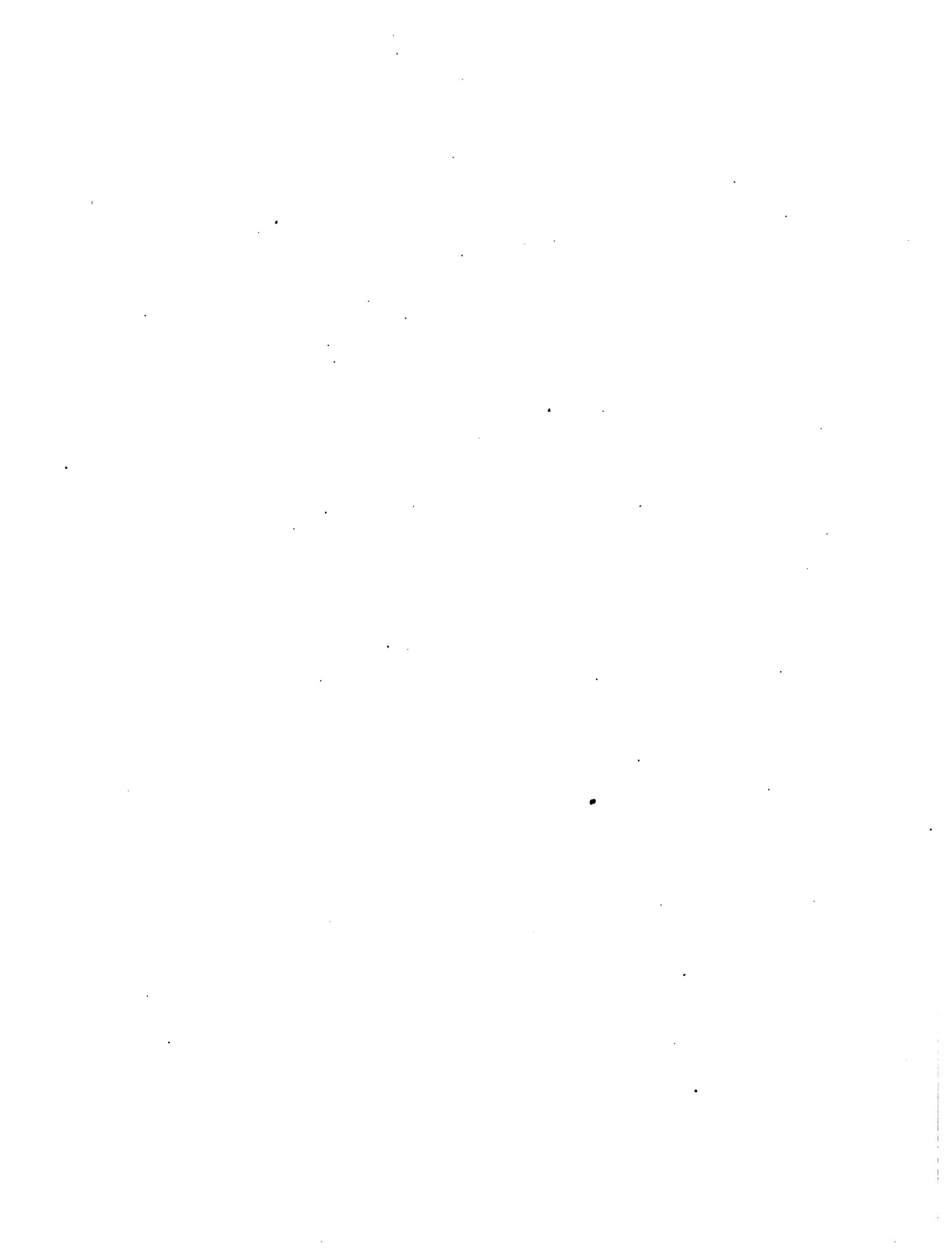


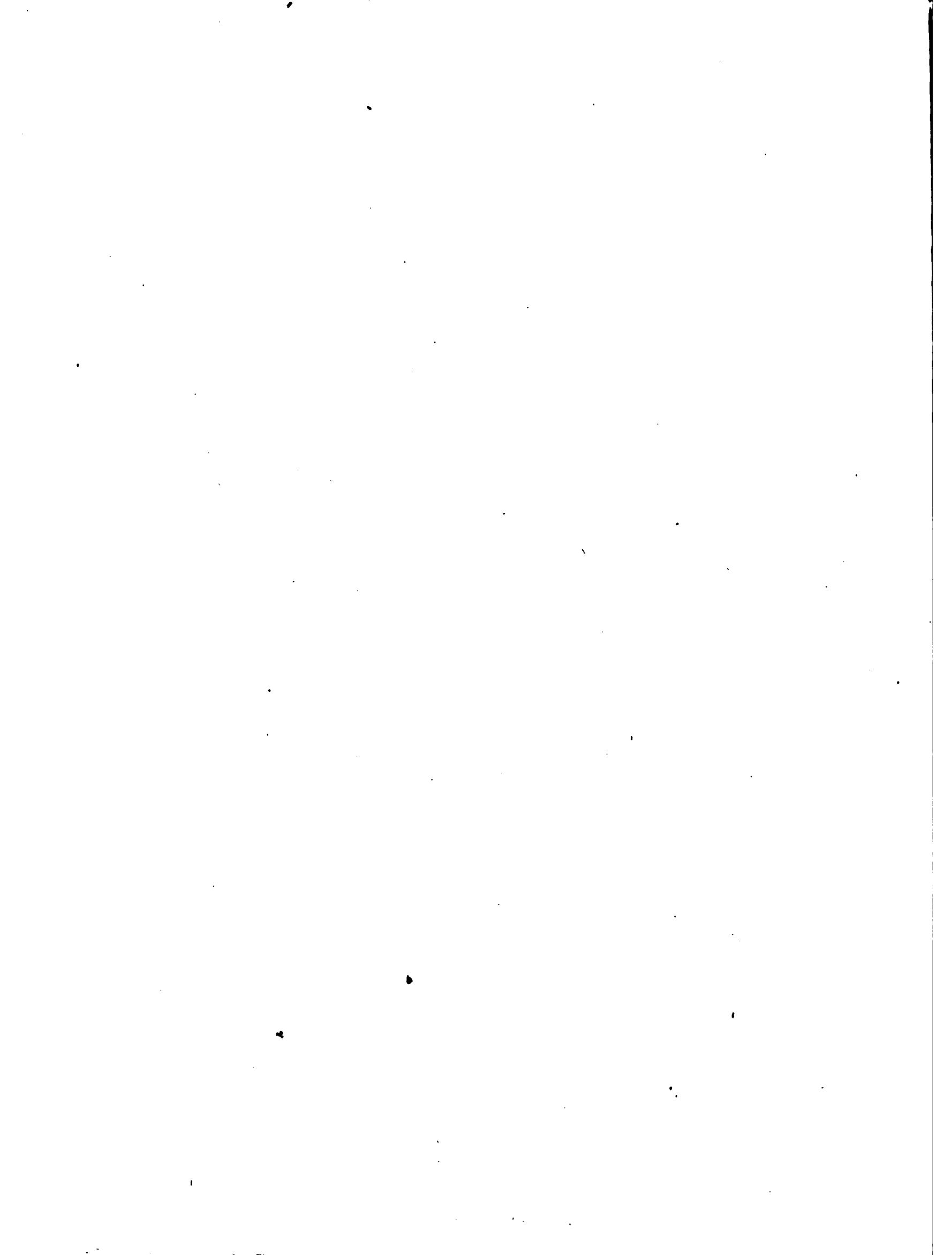
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